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THE PACIFIC



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Volume XLIX

Number 34

The Footpath to Peace.

TO be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-door—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—
Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 23 August: 1900

Influence.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean

Will leave a track behind for evermore :

The lightest wave of influence, once in motion,

Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

We should be wary then, who go before

A myriad yet to be, and we should take

Our bearings carefully, when breakers roar

And fearful tempests gather ; one mistake

May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

The statement of religious experience and belief read by Rev. R. C. Brooks at the recent council of installation in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, is printed in this issue of The Pacific. Undoubtedly it will have a wide reading, inasmuch as it is already known through the daily papers that some of the theological positions of Mr. Brooks were not indorsed by the council. But as for that, it may be remarked that it is extremely difficult nowadays to get full and unanimous indorsement of the views of any man thus examined. Perhaps in justice to those who expressed dissent it ought to be said that the views they could not indorse were brought out more especially in the answers to questions propounded after the reading of the paper. On the other hand, however, it would not be just to Mr. Brooks to leave the impression that he does not hold firmly to the positions taken in his paper. And it is not an easy thing when questions are being hurled at one from all sides to give in all cases satisfactory answers. We are of the opinion that the candidate and his dissenting examiners would not find themselves so widely divergent if they could sit in conversation on these matters for an hour or two. Along with others we wish that the pastor of Pilgrim Church could be a little more in accord with certain cherished beliefs in the churches. But there is a theological trend at present everywhere which must be

taken into account, and we are not yet ready to say to those with whom we differ, "We are right, and you are wrong." It was the unanimous opinion of the council that it would require traveling far to find a person manifesting more fully than the pastor of Pilgrim Church the spirit of Christ. It is his spirit in us which marks us as His; and surely no one can keep in communication with him, and through him with the Father, and fail finally to know the truth. And concerning the one of whom we now write this certainly is true; on several controverted points his denial was only negative; he simply said that he did not know, that the evidence did not seem sufficient, and there was a heart longing for truth and a mind open to conviction.

Some of the writers on San Francisco newspapers are standing with wide-open mouths ready to swallow every report, correct or incorrect, concerning the utterances of preachers of the Gospel, and to comment thereon in a manner calculated to please those who care but little or nothing for the Christian church. There is nothing like it elsewhere in newspaper circles. It is quite different North and South on the Coast, as well as in the East. One of the latest instances of this hostile spirit is found in the Post of last Saturday. One who writes regularly, for the Saturday magazine edition, articles of a semi-editorial character, quotes the Rev. George C. Adams of the First Congregational Church as saying "If necessary the sword even must be used to spread the grand Gospel of the Savior of the world." And then that writer proceeds to say: "I do not believe that you would do these things, Reverend George C. Adams, but if you say that you would kill helpless women and babes and old men in the effort to spread the grand Gospel of the Savior of the world, I say that you

are a scoundrelly assassin, and fit for any torture that the ingenuity of a fanatic Boxer can devise." And in such manner he runs on, using much space in a diatribe meant for the whole Christian church. Of course, Dr. Adams never uttered that sentiment. But the report furnished a text for an article against ministers and churches from the pen of one of our city writers ready to fly off at any moment on a tangent. It injures the newspapers more than it injures the churches.

Discrowned Kings.

Last week we commented on two lives which through fidelity have realized their birthright and won the crown unfading and eternal. The course of Providence brings to our thought this week two other richly endowed natures, whose careers suggest lessons, very different, but no less vitally important.

In the business world, no master greater than Collis P. Huntington has been developed during the century now closing. Few have climbed to an equal height. His character and attainments, moreover, are occasion, not only for wonder, but for admiration and imitation, too. His equipment for life included a gigantic intellect, organizing ability of the highest grade, a commanding will, straightforwardness of purpose, unyielding determination, and prodigious capacity for work. His mind not only grasped great combinations, but all the details involved in those vast plans. He did not despise the small things; he understood their value, and worked them out carefully. He was not given to tortuous ways; he was too great for that. He knew what he wanted, fixed his eye upon it, and forged his way toward it, with the directness and resistless energy of one of his own mammoth locomotives. He was a hard-headed, shrewd, unsentimental worker, a bold operator, but he was not a gambler. He might be cruel, but it was all in the line of legitimate business. Every cent of his immense wealth was accumulated by tireless industry of the honorable sort. But just here the weakness of this great man comes to view. He was a man of business, and nothing more. No other side of his nature was developed than this. Spiritually, he would seem to be wholly uncultivated. He had his portion in this life, and was for his own generation a wise man; but he was essen-

tially of the earth, earthy. He had no place in institutionalized Christianity. So far as the public knows he was not a religious man; seldom, if ever, thought upon things beyond the sphere of sense; probably did not believe much in the future life; or find the thought of it attractive; avoided reference to it; shrank from any reminders of it, or of his own approaching nearness to it. The traits of character, which would be developed by a spiritual life, were distinctly lacking in him; nor is it easy to imagine him as entering with pleasure into the social conditions and occupations of the Christian heaven. Indirectly, he has done much for his generation, and if this world were all he might find place among its crowned heads; but as a son of God in training for "glory and honor and immortality," the most charitable judgment cannot view his career as a success. For what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world if he lose his eternal life?

Of the other royally endowed nature, the failure is even sadder. From the very beginning of his college course, John James Ingalls was marked out for a brilliant career. His intellect was of the finest sort, keen, subtle, quick, and full of vigor. Imagination and poetical insight he had in large measure, and almost all the qualities fitting him for high station among literary celebrities. A ready debater, his wit was that of a Damascus blade, his satire merciless, and his power of invective tremendous. Raised to the highest legislative position in the gift of the people at the early age of 39 years, he leaped into prominence among the strong men of the United States Senate, and maintained his position there for near a score of years. As an antagonist he was dreaded, and few among the Senators cared to measure wits with him in debate, or incur the lashing of his vitriolic tongue.

Religiously trained in youth, he had susceptibilities which fitted him to appreciate and yield to the force of religious motives. But for a single quality, he might have been one of the great Christian statesmen of the century. But that quality was a fatal bar. He was supremely, and intensely, selfish. He could never forget himself, nor sacrifice his own personal advantage to the will or welfare of others. That turned him away from the

faith of his fathers, and made him an agnostic religiously, and a brilliant politician rather than a statesman, in civil affairs. Christian politics seemed to him only "an iridescent dream" and "the ten commandments to have no place in practical statesmanship." The result was almost inevitable; he was never a moral force in the nation; never originated any great beneficent measure; never was prominently and helpfully, identified with such legislation. Both in Congress, and among his own constituents, he was feared, rather than loved, or greatly trusted. And so when his fall came it was crushing and remediless.

Retiring from the Senate, his subsequent course has been pitiful enough to those who knew him in his prime. With grim and bitter wit he described himself as "a statesman out of a job," nor, though he has tried, could he even induce the people to trust him with another. It is a far descent from the presidency of the Senate to a seat among the attendants at a slugging match; from addressing the National Senate to reporting a prize fight; but so far did this Lucifer fall.

So he has gone. One glint of light strikes athwart that death scene in New Mexico. It is that utterance of the Lord's prayer just before he lapsed into unconsciousness. But how sad the story of a mind so richly endowed, of a life so full of the grandest opportunities! What contrasts these two, to the euthanasia of Holbrook and Hamlin! Will our young men heed the lesson? Will they receive it the more readily at the lips of a great English writer, drawn from the career of another discrowned king? It occurs in Carlyle's "Life of Frederick, the Great." He is speaking of "Belleisle in his day of most famous of mankind. A man who for some time played in Europe at large a part like that of Warwick, the king-maker; how has he fallen into such oblivion? Many of my readers never heard of him before; nor in writing, nor otherwise is there symptoms that any living memory now harbors him or has the least approach to an image of him. Alas, if a man sow only chaff in never so sublime a manner with the whole earth and the long eared population looking on and chorally singing approval rendering night hideous, it will avail him nothing. And that to a lamentable extent was Belleisle's case." It will be the case of almost any one

who puts self before God and humanity, and prefers earth to heaven. Only goodness is immortal.

Generosity and Justice.

Everybody is ready to admit, in theory, that justice lies at the foundation of virtue. Most persons, however, are not so sure about the place of generosity. This is regarded as belonging to the superstructure, as an ornament rather than the basis of justice. The common proverb "Be just before you're generous," illustrates this habit of thought. Generosity is conceived of not only as distinct from justice, but in a sense secondary to it.

Yet in another aspect not only are the two vitally connected; they are related as cause and effect; nor only so, but justice is an outgrowth of generosity. The term "generosity" is rooted in the Latin *gens*, and this again is identified with the verb signifying *to be born*. And so we are drawn back to the Biblical truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth." That is the fundamental fact and upon this basis both generosity and justice are built.

Generosity, moreover, in this aspect, is a condition precedent of justice. To be just, one must be generous; must recognize the common tie which binds humanity together and must adjust conduct to fact. No one can fairly pass judgment upon another, whose approach is not in that large, sympathetic spirit, which rises above all selfish interests, and takes full account of all the circumstances involved. Justice cannot be done to the Chinese, in the present deplorable outbreak, without friendly consideration of all the conditions of heredity and environment, past and present, which have embittered them against foreign nations, and aroused them to the determination, at any cost, to expel them. Moreover, when the time of settlement comes, Western nations will add to the long score of injustice and oppression, unless they school themselves to a generous regard for Mongolians as children of the Heavenly Father, and unless they are as earnestly intent upon securing the future growth and prosperity of China's millions as they are to secure for themselves territorial or commercial advantages. The obligation to do this, moreover, rests upon Christian nations, absolutely, irrespective of the virtues or the shortcomings

of the people of the Celestial empire. There must be *gen-erosity*, as the condition of *justice*.

So, also, in the treatment of the Filipinos, and other colonial dependencies. The United States entered upon the conflict which has resulted in placing these under our control, in a spirit of large humanity, i. e., of generosity. But the danger has been, and is, that this spirit of essential justice will be crowded out by the selfish spirit of commercialism. Thus far, greed has been in a measure held in check by the virile Christian sentiment of the nation. But it is a peril needing to be continually antagonized, swallowed up and obliterated rather by that generous principle, which shall seek not theirs but them; and them for the good we can do them. Unless this is so, *Ichabod*, the glory is departed. Nor this alone; but the clouds of national degeneracy and disaster will then roll over our heavens, and shut out the sunlight of God-blessed prosperity.

Another and, in some respects, more vital matter, is that of the relation subsisting between the dominant classes and others, in our heterogeneous population. That dealings with these in the past has not been so characteristically unselfish as it should have been, and that our treatment has been lacking in justice also, will probably be admitted by most, if not by all. And the consequence is apparent in the present disturbed conditions of society. One illustration may serve for many—the treatment of the negro. When the war closed, which ended African slavery, some very unwise legislation was enacted, chief of which was the investment of these ignorant, untrained serfs with political suffrage. In part the action was the expression of sympathy, and of desire to do them justice, but in part also, it was for political capital. The natural result has followed; uncontrolled liberty has too often degenerated into license; and outrages against life and property and everything which our civilization holds sacred, have followed. But, now, instead of meeting that condition in a largely generous spirit of appreciation and justice, outrage has been repaid by outrage and knavery by unscrupulous trickery. This course has not conciliated the blacks, and remedied the evils complained of; it has simply exasperated, and divided them

from their white fellow citizens. The legislative devices for taking away the suffrage from illiterate negroes, *as a class*, for example, with its pitiful exception of illiterate white men, *as a class*, is not only flagrantly unjust, it is in the highest degree selfishly ungenerous, and, therefore, unjust. It will not advance the states adopting it in virtue; will not render life or property more secure nor tend to make good citizens of the colored people; its tendencies are inevitably toward future discord and disorder. Adopted openly as class legislation, it will not only retard the progress of those disfranchised thereby, it will react even more disastrously upon the virtue and the manhood of the class which inflicts the injustice. The path upon which Louisiana, South Carolina and others have entered, and which North Carolina proposes to follow, must eventually be retraced with humility and shame and sorrow. The law of God cannot be set aside by the legislature of North Carolina; and the law of God decrees generosity to be the spirit of justice, and justice the basis of prosperity.

Rev. R. C. Brooks was installed as pastor of Pilgrim church, Oakland, Friday evening last. Prof. F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary was moderator of the council, Rev. F. N. Greeley scribe. The installing prayer was by Rev. J. R. Knodell, a former pastor; the right hand of fellowship by Rev. William Rader of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, the charge to the pastor by Dr. J. K. McLean of Pacific Seminary, the charge to the people by George C. Adams of the First church, San Francisco. Other parts of the evening service were by Dr. Pond of Bethany church, San Francisco and Prof. George Moor of the Theological Seminary. The council included the churches of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, five of the San Francisco churches, the Theological Seminary professors, the Home Missionary Superintendent, and Drs. Willey and Warren. Twenty-six voted in favor of installation, seven against. Some of the votes against were cast by persons who supposed that an affirmative vote would be sanctioning the views of the candidate, the moderator so ruling. When this ruling was made there was so general a protest against it that it was hardly deemed necessary to appeal from the decision of the moderator; but so standing it was misleading to a few. Mr. Brooks has been pastor of Pilgrim church since the middle of March, and is much esteemed by all. He is a graduate of Yale Divinity School, and ranks as one of the most scholarly ministers on the Pacific Coast.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

The Cot-Cutters Saturday Night.

There they are, a thousand pounds of the most beautiful Blenheim you ever saw; dry, too—not thirsty Blenheim spaniels, but sundried apricots—grafted on peach roots. Why? I do not know, but the wise men of the California Nursery Company at Niles told me they were the sort to plant on Dea. Farwell's beautiful hill. It seems but a few days, for the love I bear them since I knelt down and put them out—little sticks about as thick as my holy-land riding-whip. They make a lovely field—an interesting parish. You must go on your knees for them—look up, too; stand straight and be a man. God's bountiful rains have irrigated them and some sweet human tears.

Tony thinks he's a pretty high-bred horse to plough up hill, and Fleet has not chafed at the dust as much as her owner has. Last year we had handful to eat and a hatful for samples to neighbors. This year tons of the fresh fruit, much of it perfect and beautiful. Such fun to pick the rich golden globules. Alas, original sin and total depravity get into the best intentioned orchards via shot-hole fungus and black scale. Spraying only partially relieves the difficulty. Praying precedes patience. But it is wholesome to be a producer.

Friends had preached this to us eloquently and we tested it by practice. Ten trays of our own seemed to us ample for our little harvest, but before we got through we had borrowed fifty more of a neighbor. Oh, ye who sitting wearily in office chairs, East and West, and think a fruit ranch paradise, before you buy and seek to earn your bread growing fruit take a vacation working on a well ordered fruit ranch and you will find how true the scripture is "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread." The morning air is cool. Fruit is at its best with the cool of the night on it. It goes to the right palate spot in the healthy hunger of the early morning.

It's a twist of the wrist with a sharp knife to halve the fruit and eject the pit. It's a trick of the wrist to deposit both halves on the tray with one motion. That lady can cut two boxes to your one. Don't dream you can overtake her with clumsy fingers, only fit to pick up acorns. Mr. Extract Manufacturer, you cannot buy the seeds of the apricots. Eight dollars a ton is no temptation. We keep them, three barrels full, for a flaming and fragrant fire on the hearth when some of the heroic souls from Peking get home to tell us of the praise meeting jubilee when the allies surrounded the legations as the brooding wing of a God. We don't want to go to the bad place. The fumes of the sulphur-house

are enough. We don't wish even so much purgatory as the apricots must have to kill the microbes and give the golden hue of ripeness and beauty. Richer than the deceitful sands of the Nome shore seemed the golden trays on the hillside and old Sol did his duty and kissed them into tender completeness in from three to five days. How sweet the Saturday night is! We could almost dance a "Harvest Home." Time for a letter to the children. A bran-mash sure for the faithful horses. An armful of tenderest twigs for the Belgians. Hint of the summer pruning which must begin at once to prepare for a larger harvest in 1901.

We shall go to church tomorrow with a more intelligent love for our neighbors and a profounder sympathy with the tug of their lives. And a deeper appreciation of the labor of brains and backs which has given the means for the collection for foreign missions. It is not a little offering they make for it has cost labor. As we lie down to untroubled sleep and welcome sweet dreams we think of Washington's wise saying that "Agriculture is the noblest employment of man," and the words of the Book, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich," "The smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed" is the perfume we shall choose as we start for the beloved village church.

Wait, Mr. Speculator. You cannot buy those golden apricots. Some of the King's ambassadors have a mortgage on them. Some are going to Guam sure. Besides apricots are rising. The newspapers don't lie telling that story. Good night.

One Bountiful Tree.

Planted a stick a half inch thick and twenty inches high four springs ago. It looked rather full as I started down the row. Not the select tree of the orchard. Simply the best in sight on that row. It had been picked a few days before. I counted two hundred and seventy-six fine specimens of fruit picked rapidly and took up sixteen which had fallen on the ground. "I think I have left a hundred and fifty for the next picking." "Yes, you did, Aloha; for when I came to that tree next time around the orchard I took off a hundred and seventy and left two or three dozen for the last pickers."

"Always more to follow." Fruit work is like all work. It has its sunshine and storm, its laughter and its tears, its full price of pain and pleasure.

Happy Japanese.

Mrs. M. C. Harris, the wife of the esteemed Presiding Elder for the Coast work among our brethren from Japan, put seventy-two souls under grateful obligation for a sweet Gospel service at the Hume Rancho yesterday. If this be her way in vacation, what must she enterprise when at real work? Sixty-five grateful Japanese made their graceful bows to the elect lady.

After their hearty Oriental way they had provided decorations, tea and fruit, which, with select missionary cakes, were greatly enjoyed after Brother Harris had preached a glowing Gospel sermon. Then followed patriotic songs and addresses. Our brethren appreciated our praise that Japanese had led the allies to and into Peking.

Rev. and Mrs. Vail, long connected with the Methodist College at Tokio came to Saratoga for recruiting. There will be work for them for happy weeks and months and they will have time to enjoy the fellowship of our Congregational Missionaries who will learn to make Saratoga one beloved Mecca.

If we get rusty or lifeless we can draw on the Pacific University at College Park for a Kamura or Akazana to stir us up. The latter brother won our hearts yesterday.

The Bystander.

The Installation of Mr. Brooks.

The occasion of the installation of the young pastor of Pilgrim Church, East Oakland, was interesting and significant. It brought together a company of clergymen, professors and laymen who sat in council and discussed the great questions of the Christian faith. The effects of such a meeting are not confined to the candidate under consideration, nor to the church over which he is installed. They reach every church represented in the council. It is a wholesome revival of theological and religious interest. The Bystander does not wish to enter upon an analysis of Mr. Brooks' beliefs, but may venture to set down the conviction that the line of cleavage in current religious thinking is the seat of authority. The possible shifting of this authority from Scripture to reason makes an irreconcilable difference of opinion, not upon the great verities of faith, but certainly upon incidental beliefs and theories. Mr. Brooks comes to us with an honest, open mind, striving with all sincerity to learn "the mind of the Master."

Senator Ingalls.

The Bystander recalls a modest frame building which once stood on the public square of Middletown, Massachusetts, once pointed out as the home of Senator Ingalls. When the Bystander last saw the old home it was dilapidated and rapidly going to ruin.

A new library building now stands on the site of the Ingalls homestead.

The boy Ingalls, who is still spoken of in the old town of Middletown, narrowly escaped being a great man. He had the gift of expression, courage of conviction and a capacity for hard work, but there was a certain lack for which the sound religious environment of his boyhood was not responsible. It was this lack of religious conviction—this absence of a positive Christian patriotism—which

*wounded one of his wings so that he never commanded the respect which his intellectual powers prophesied. After all, we are a Christian people, and a man's influence upon the country is usually measured from a Christian standpoint.

The Man and the Book.

The Bystander found himself in a car filled with laboring men on their way to work the other morning and observed that most of them were engaged in reading the morning papers. They had bronzed faces and horny hands, but they were keeping up with the times and eagerly reviewing the happenings of the day. One man had a book, the title of which was "Ivanhoe," Sir Walter Scott's great Waverly novel. It is a hopeful sign of the times when workingmen read and read literature which is not trash. These men represented the average American citizen upon whom rests the government. "The Man With the Hoe" does not read Scott; he does not read the daily papers, but "the man with the hoe" is not really found in this country. It is possible for the laboring man to journey to his work by electricity and read the events of the previous day while he is journeying and thus feed his mind and correct his understanding. The workingman of the United States is more fortunate than his brother in Europe.

On the Grass.

This leads to the thought that we cannot live by bread alone. There are two moods of the man, the active and passive, one finding extreme expression in the old ascetic East, the other in the new and active West. When our Lord fed the five thousand He commanded the men to sit down, which was the attitude of receptivity. Every healthy soul must from time to time, be seated on the grass and wait to be fed. Bunyan in jail, Dante in exile, and the invalid in bed, are seated on the grass receiving rather than giving. A man is to be pitied who only gets dollars out of his business. Blessed is he whose work yields him inspiration. On some of the Eastern railways the locomotives scoop up the water as they speed along over the smooth rails, which is to say, action and reception are united. This is the ideal life. It may be said, however, that the tendency of many people is to occupy a position of receptivity and of passive greediness, to be fed without giving anything in return. There are many good people in our churches who occupy prominent places, who are intemperate, religiously, ever receiving and never giving. They faithfully attend all meetings and spend their lives in calmly listening and receiving, but they have lost the sense of positive action. They who receive the most should give the most.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can afford to pay for new ones.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

No words can estimate the fullness of the human soul. The soul formed in the image of God has a touch of infinity about it. No one can express the fullness of love that wells up in human hearts. How feeble are the efforts of painter or poet to express all the beauties and glories of nature. How narrow and small appears this earth to a soul breathing for immortality. A great writer whose manifold works have made the world richer and wiser declares that he has not said a thousandth part of what is in his soul. How often does an eloquent preacher, after he has moved and melted the great audience with his burning words, go home feeling that he has not done any justice to his noble theme, which touches an immortal soul and its aspirations. A distinguished author has said, "Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds that invite me." This world is simply the vestibule of life, but heaven is our real home.

In contemplating the works of God, the Psalmist says: "How manifold are thy works," "they cannot be reckoned up in order, for they are more than can be numbered." No one can number the leaves of the forest, the sands by the seashore, or the drops of the ocean. No one can count the stars. Astronomers are uncertain yet in regard to the number of stellar systems. Prof. Mitchell used to speak of a hundred million suns, and a thousand million worlds in our stellar system, but many have been discovered since he died. The forces of nature cannot be estimated. If any one can derive the most feeble conception of the power that rolls this earth in its orbit or on its axis, one would think that he would not care to offend the Being that exerts this power. God has his way in nature. All the worlds roll exactly as he bids them. He lifts a mountain chain, or pours an ocean, wherever it pleases him. Why should not he have his way in the spiritual world? The terms of salvation is in his hands. We must say, "Thy will be done."

* * *

It is a matter of surprise how little a man knows, if you take away his books and charts from him. Two gentlemen who thought they knew something about astronomy recently sitting on the verandah one evening began to talk of the bright star seen now early in the evening directly in the south, but were uncertain what star it is and could not name it. It could not be Venus, because that is an inferior planet, between the earth and the sun, and is never seen at such an angle from the sun. One of the gentlemen, who has an excellent field glass declared it could not be Jupiter, for

he could not discover its satellites. It could not be Saturn, for that planet does not give so much light. None of the other planets could be taken into consideration, being too small. It could not be a fixed star because it does not twinkle, and no fixed star in Scorpion gives so much light as this. Antares, the heart of Scorpion, is not nearly so bright, and that gives a reddish light. So these two gentlemen could not name the star. But on reference to the books the star turned out to be Jupiter, and the field glass was at fault. The evening, however, was a little hazy, for a good field glass will show the satellites of Jupiter. One evening in Arizona the writer saw three satellites of Jupiter with a field glass, but it was a clear evening, and the atmosphere in Arizona is very pure.

* * *

Who has not enjoyed a scientific ramble with some scientist? How delightful to walk with a botanist, or biologist, or geologist, or some student of nature. The man who has a pocket microscope must be a student of nature. How much more profitable in securing physical exercise, to secure at the same time some of the secrets of nature. The writer recently took a walk with a distinguished botanist, and saw many things in the flowers that hitherto had escaped his attention. He noticed the honey-bees sipping honey from the flower of the milkweed, and could not understand why their feet stuck to the flower, until it was pointed out by this botanist that the flower has such a form as to catch the feet of the bee. When the bee pulls up his feet he fertilizes the flower. They saw an English sparrow in the road feeding two female sparrows that evidently had just come off from their nests. The female sparrows sat still while the male sparrow hunted seeds to put in their mouths, and then they would talk to each other. The male sparrow has a black spot on its breast; the female sparrow has not.

The Coast of Alaska.

By Rev. George C. Adams.

Have you been to Alaska? This question is being asked all over the East, and frequently here. Every month in summer sees several boats, well-loaded with tourists, threading their way through the wonderful inland passages, making their landings with reference to places and things to be seen, and sending back large parties enthusiastic over the trip.

Better than the gold of Alaska is its rest and opportunity for recreation. Gold easily makes sordid aims and selfish purposes; men who have only gold in their eye fall into many snares, and often yield to temptation. The returning steamers have many passengers from Dawson, who have worked hard for two or three years, and accumulated something,

only to gamble it away on the return trip. The "richest man in Dawson" was on our boat—and he was not the man who dug for gold, not the one who was locating claims, but the man who kept a song and dance house, with all the adjuncts, and had no more heart than an oyster. When some of the gamblers raised a goodly sum among themselves and others for a poor crippled girl who was going home through the charity of the company, he was the only man who refused to give. Some, on their way back, seemed to realize that they had lost something; as we stood on the deck, and watched the sun drop into the ocean, and saw the wonderful colors mingle on the clouds, one fellow gazed in admiration, and exclaimed, "That's the first decent sunset I have seen for three years." And yet the sun sometimes, though not always, sets in Dawson; perhaps it was the first time the man had stopped long enough to see it set.

The towns are tainted by the rush for gold; very few people were to be seen on the streets in Juneau; the explanation was that a new discovery of gold had been made the evening before, eight miles out, and every one who could had rushed out to locate a claim. Ket-chikan, Juneau and Skagway show on the surface that they are only boom towns, put there for the convenience of those who rush for gold. Wrangell looks as if it had got left; there are more unoccupied than occupied houses; it was thought that the Stikeen river route was the easiest to the Klondike, but when the railroad was built over the White Pass from Skagway that settled it, and the Indians got some houses for nothing, and many are vacant.

The prettiest town in this part of Alaska is Sitka; it has been the capital long enough to have a permanent character of its own; it lies at the base of snow-capped mountains, and looks out on the Pacific, its harbor studded with beautiful islets that are at once its protection from the waves of the ocean and its chief beauty. The Greek church, an unpretentious building outside, has a fortune in gold and silver in the trimmings of its fine paintings and in its vestments. The mission for the Indian children, which shows them bright and progressive and capable of taking a good Christian education, has an influence on the community beyond the boys and girls it saves and trains.

They catch salmon up there; they set traps for them, and catch them on wheels, and use many uncouth devices to get them by the thousand; they have to get thousands of them when the canning company pays three quarters of a cent only for a big salmon delivered at the cannery. The Chinese, and the other machines in the building, quickly clean and cook them, and the big boatloads of shining fish

that come in at daylight are all in cans, packed in boxes at noon, and ready for your luncheon in the afternoon. At Killisnoo they lay in wait for the herring, and squeeze him hard, and the scent of the great barrels of oil can be appreciated miles away; and at Bartlett Bay they catch the immense halibut, cut off his head and tail, salt him well, and pack him with several others like him in a great pine coffin, and ship him by steamer, and you help eat him. Here is at present America's greatest fishing ground; and here it will be until the countless millions of fish have been so reduced that they can be easily counted, and then we will make laws to protect the few that are left, and then we will preach eloquent sermons against the wanton destruction of God's creatures, while we eagerly look about for another spot, and proceed to do it all over again.

But the trip: There is no other just like it. With the ocean thundering on the outer coast you are carried through hundreds of miles of inland waterways as smooth as a millpond, where for days the only appreciable motion is the throb of the propeller, and from the time you leave Victoria until you return to it ten days later there have been only four breaks in the channel through which you have looked at the ocean. We can never forget the Johnstone Strait, Grenville Channel, Icy Strait, and above all the Lynn Canal; those mountains, all snow at the top, sloping gracefully for thousands of feet, and then dropping off suddenly into the channel, the only variation being the different shapes of the hills, and the curve of the valleys between. And the glaciers—they are everywhere. Up on the top of a mountain you will see the dark green of a dead one, that only discharges through the wonderful icy streams that trickle down the mountain for awhile, then break into waterfalls as lovely as those of Yosemite. Half a mile back from the edge you may see one that seems to have become discouraged, and melts in tears of vexation that it cannot flow to the sea. And over there is a "real live one," a glacier that only discharges in icebergs that project over the edge and drop into the water, to float off and melt away in months to come, or get in the track of a steamer and endanger human lives. The remarkable Muir Glacier has gone to pieces; they had an earthquake up there last autumn, when the sidewalk in Skagway wriggled like a serpent; the man who told it averred that he was sober at the time, and was seasick for a day after it; and the shock was so great that the glacier is scattered through the bay in great blocks of all shades, from white to the most wonderful blue. It gathers round the steamer, and tries to surround her; it leaves an open channel through which she goes gaily into Bartlett Bay, then laughingly rushes in behind her and blocks the pas-

sage, until the boat is hurried out lest she be frozen in. If the Muir Glacier is so marvelous in ruins, what must it have been in its glory!

Rain or shine, clear or foggy, you stay on deck, and drink in the scenery; you watch the captain steer skillfully through the Wrangell Narrows, where the boat hits the mud-bank and throws thousands of fish out of the water, or Peril Strait, where the navigation is peculiar, and is only safe in either place at slack water, or Seymour Narrows, where the tide sets right on to a jagged rock, that once pierced a man-of-war, and sent her to the bottom so quickly that only two or three on the bridge escaped. But these pilots take no chances; they run the dangerous places when they are perfectly safe, and you can stand at the rail and see how terrible they might become.

If you have not taken the trip, go; take it before those islands are denuded of their forests, before the Indians have been driven away by the encroachments of a cruel civilization, and their totem poles have all been stolen by men who call themselves Christian. Go, and rest, and thank God for room and time to rest and praise.

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

III. Impressions of the Church of England.

By Frank H. Foster.

I was favorably predisposed to the English Church when I arrived in England. I had had some uncomfortable experiences in America which made me feel kindly towards the liturgical service of the Episcopal Church. One Sunday, in an Eastern city, I had heard a would-be metaphysical sermon from one of our Congregational ministers, which was indistinguishable from Unitarianism, though the preacher did not mean it in that way—and I had turned to the Episcopal Church as the *only* one where I could be *sure* to hear the confession that we are all "miserable offenders," and be able to unite with a congregation in singing praise to Christ as the infinite Redeemer. In a time of theological ferment a fixed liturgy, embodying the essence of the gospel, is a good thing!

I embraced every favorable opportunity to attend the English church services, while in England. I was in the cathedral at Oxford, in St. Paul's in London, heard evening prayers read most impressively and delightfully in King's College chapel in Cambridge, attended plain parish services at Petersfield and Boston, and was at cathedral daily prayers now and then. Thus I got some chances at direct observation, and I kept my eyes and ears open all the time. I arrived at the conclusion that formalism is on the increase in England, and that it has its springs in Romanizing ten-

dencies that emanate from the cathedrals.

The cathedrals are still Romanized. To be sure, the shrines of the old saints, even such an one as Thomas a Becket at Canterbury, have been removed—or, what is worse for them, ignored. There is next to nothing in the mind of the average English churchman that can be called superstition. But the cathedral is still a Romanizing institution. There is the screen, found in them all, and trickling down from them into many a parish church—separating the priesthood from the people as if they were different orders of beings. That is Catholic and not Protestant. And there is the daily service—a "vain repetition," in direct violation of the command in Matt. vi:7, as it seems to me. Look at it! In every cathedral, and now in a great number of parish churches, great and small, there are daily prayers, by priest and choir, and no congregation, or next to none. The prayer-book is the book of common prayer, that is, of prayer shared by priest and people. But there is often no people. Prayer and divine service is for edification; but nobody wants to be thus edified, and nobody goes. The effect on the officiating ministers and choir-boys is inevitable. They cannot regard such a service as a true service, and so they go through it in a manner often painfully perfunctory. But it must be good for something, of course; and hence, as there is no real good in it, there is a tendency to ascribe a fictitious good to it. And thus, finally, it is supposed to have some result merely as a thing done; and thus you have the Roman *obis operatum*.

The cathedrals fared hard at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers. Possibly they are accused of having done more bad things than they did. But it is related of the beautiful Lady Chapel at Ely that the soldiers produced by their hammers that strange fact about the beautiful stone carving that circles the chapel. Every figure carved there has lost its head—every one, with a single exception that is not an exception. I have sometimes thought that it would have been well if they had destroyed the cathedrals themselves; for religion is of more importance than art, and the loss in beauty might have been a gain in godliness.

As I went round and gazed, listened, and thought, I began to doubt whether it is wise for English Congregationalists to press for disestablishment. True, the English Church is haughty, exclusive, and contemptuous in its attitude and its treatment of dissenters; but these are superficial things. The establishment effects the following good things: (1) It brings the culture of the nation, which it chiefly possesses, to the support of religion. It is "the thing" for the titled classes and the gentry to support the church, thus church attendance is regarded by all ranks of society as the

demand of propriety, and a hundred other things with it. (2) It sets a high standard for the other churches in a variety of matters. For example, it does this in music. The Congregational churches would not have so good music did not the parish church fix the standard. They would not be as reverent in the house of God. You never see in England what painfully strikes you in California every Sunday, that there is a class of people who not only despise the Sabbath and the Church, but feel pride and delight in expressing this low and base emotion. (3) It furnishes a social standing to the clergyman, who is ex-officio a "gentleman" that helps every other minister. (4) It has provided for a multitude of small parishes and for congregations of the lowliest of the people the services of trained and educated men of high class, like Julius Hare in the little Herstmonceux or Charles Kingsley in the still smaller Eversley. How much better for the peasants of Eversley to have such a man as Kingsley than to have what a purely voluntary system often gives the outlying and obscure communities!

But the Church of England needs more religion, more emphasis laid on the vital things, less flummery, better preaching, more freedom, such as the American Episcopal church now has as to evening prayer, more true catholicity of spirit. It can never be what it ought to be while it continues the folly and the wickedness of excommunicating all the dissenters, that is, one-half of the English nation!

Religious Experience and Confession of Faith.

[Read by Rev. R. C. Brooks at the Council of installation held in Pilgrim church, Oakland, Friday, August 17th.]

There has been little in my personal religious experience which is worth repeating to you or that will shed much light on the confession of faith you ask me to disclose, and yet I prize exceedingly the experiences in which my faith took root.

In company with my brothers and sisters God's best gift was mine—a Christian home. We can none of us ever forget the unfailing self-forgetful love of our mother and the calm, heroic strength of our father, whose lives taken together furnished us children the best interpretation of Christ I expect to see on this earth. There was little constraint in our home save the constraint of love. We observed the Puritan habits with none of the Puritan rigor; family worship morning and evening in which the children took part, Sunday a holy day, when the family attended church and Sunday-school together and spent the quiet hours of the afternoon in reading, oftentimes together, sometimes a book of the Bible, which we would discuss with no thought of constraint, sometimes a book of general literature, which

was good for the nurturing of the spiritual life, and in singing together the familiar hymns and simpler anthems in which the children could join. I think I may truly say that Sunday was the best day of the week in our home and we anticipated the quiet hours of reading and song with real joy.

No credit belongs to children brought up in such an atmosphere for being safe from many of the temptations that beset less sheltered lives, nor is it a credit that they should early have found their way into the church and into Christian activity.

I remember well, however, many times when the weight of my own sinfulness and the burden of my companions' sins pressed heavily upon me and I prayed fervently that I might be forgiven and fitted to help bear away the sins of the world.

When nineteen, after completing my Sophomore year in college, I was invited quite unexpectedly, to take charge of the schools in a Nebraska village for a year, and coveting the new experience I promptly decided to do so. For several years I had secretly cherished the hope that I might become a minister, and yet I felt that I could never fit myself for so responsible a place. It was while living in this village of eight hundred people, where there were five or six struggling churches, none of them sufficiently strong to be self-respecting, or to do much for the community, that I determined if God should open the way to enter the ministry for my life work. When I told my parents of the decision that had been borne in upon me I was rejoiced to know that it had been their prayer that I might be so led.

My studies in the seminary were completed in New Haven in the spring of 1895. Nearly four years of the most delightful pastoral work were passed in Eugene, Oregon, where Mrs. Brooks and I made our first home when the invitation came to serve this people. We were very reluctant to sever ties we prized so highly and enter an untried field. The days seemed most full of promise to us there, and our people brought much persuasion to bear upon us to remain to gather the harvest that seemed ripening; but, for reasons I need not review, the hand laid upon us seemed divine and we felt compelled to yield in obedience to its pressure.

The increasing years have brought an ever-increasing delight in seeking to minister to men in the name of Christ and have deepened and confirmed my faith in the gospel of light and love, in the religion of him whose name is above every name—the Redeemer of men—until I am persuaded that "nothing can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

I suppose I became a Congregationalist because my parents and grandparents so far

back as I know anything about it were Congregationalists. I have come to prize exceedingly the heritage thus obtained and find myself so entirely in sympathy with the Congregationalist spirit and platform, with its apostolic simplicity, its religious liberty and its catholic comprehensiveness that I would feel quite like an orphan were I obliged to work in other folds.

It was in the atmosphere of such a home that the religious impressions and convictions that abide with me were born. There it was I learned to have some sense of "the wideness of God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea," and to know that God was made sad by sin. That his heart was filled with pity for the sinner, not made furious with anger; that God felt toward me as my mother felt, to whose eyes my wrongdoing brought tears and who never seemed to love me so tenderly as when I had done wrong. From my earliest years, when my mother used to tell us the charming stories of Hebrew heroism I have always revered the Bible beyond all other books, as the sure guide to lead men unto God, but I do not remember to have been taught or to have consciously held in my childhood any theory concerning its authoritative character or its inspiration, for the atmosphere was essentially religious, not theological. When at length I entered the seminary I found the creed I had been unconsciously holding was occasionally shocked not so much by the newer criticism and philosophy, but by what seemed to me then the untruthful defences which were employed to buttress the faith of our fathers, and I began the difficult task, little dreaming at the time how utterly boundless and endless it would be, of attempting to state for myself the Christian truth in the light of our present need and in terms of our present thought. The effort has become increasingly fascinating to me, and I have become increasingly sure that men need to believe, not less, but more—fewer dogmas, it may be—but more deeply, more intensely, more broadly, to believe in God, in Christ, in the Bible, in prayer; and I have come to be perfectly sure that men need supremely a clear, positive gospel, an earnest, inspiring evangel, and it is wicked folly to put in its place the dry husks of criticism and philosophy; and I long with an increasing desire to be able to enter into the method of the Master that I may help to fulfill, and not destroy, men's faith. Here, then, is the gospel I am endeavoring to bring men.

God, the Trinity, Christ.

God, the Infinite One, the Author of Life, the Absolute Thought and Universal Will—God is our Father, whose life and love we are to share.

He is transcendent, above and back of all that is—"Our Father in heaven." He is im-

manent in all, the atmosphere of love shed abroad in all hearts, the light that lighteth every one coming into the world, in whom we live and move and have our being.

He is the quickening Spirit, the Redeemer, the Unseen and Almighty Friend, out of whose heart come all those impulses that draw men out from sin into holiness.

For the satisfaction of my mind I need to know him as the Eternal Father and Creator, the source of all life, the One who guarantees the reality and eternity of human relationship. For the satisfaction of my heart I need to know the God who is revealed in a human life; the God of love, whose sympathy with me is perfect, who knows my toil and pain, who forgives my sin, who redeems my life from destruction; the God who is infinitely gentle and loving; and I cannot conceive a more important disclosure of the mind and heart of the Infinite One than in the man of Nazareth, the Christ of Calvary, who was so courteously gentle to the woman overtaken in sin, so sweetly considerate of the little child, so tenderly compassionate toward the mother and the sister whose hope lay buried.

For the quickening of my life I need to know Him who is able to communicate with me, to whom I can pray, whose peace and love he can pour into my heart, who can direct my thought, who can be with me always an ever-present Spirit, giving me grace to meet the task and suffering and joy of the day. In all these ways I need to know this Unseen and Almighty Friend, and I cannot tell how dark life would grow if any one of these thoughts of God were obscured. This, then, is my faith in the God whom the doctrine of the Trinity discloses. While I prize greatly all that men can see of the glory of God in the heavens, and while I believe thoroughly that "God's Providence is the gulf-stream of history," yet I find it quite impossible to think clearly of God in his moral character save through the mind of Christ, and I am sure that the gospel that commends itself to men's need is the everlasting story that God is tender and loving, but just and righteous like Christ. "The God with whom we come into personal relation is not the God of religious fancy or mystical experience, nor the God of philosophical speculation, but the God revealed concretely, unmistakably, in the ethical and spiritual personality of Jesus Christ."

Christ and Man.

I find it equally impossible to think clearly of man or of society save through the mind of Christ. He is "the one altogether lovely among the sons of men," the "one completely and grandly human," the "one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves." He is the door opening toward God, that all the fullness of God may dwell in Him—opening toward us men with pleading sym-

pathy that we may come in unto him and sup with him, and he with us. He is the perpetual appeal to us that we may know "the high calling wherewith we are called."

Sin—Its Nature and Consequences.

Sin is the terrible experience that robs men of their manhood and separates them from God and obscures the revelation Christ has brought. Our time needs supremely a new conviction of sin—of its utter folly, of its inevitable and frightful fruitfulness, of its deadly and fearful wickedness; and I am sure men must be brought to recognize sin, not alone in the conventional forms in which all men condemn it, but must recognize it as a spirit of evil, which issues in deceit or malice or dishonesty, or in any one of a great multitude of forms.

Sin is the disposition to treat myself a good deal better than I am willing to treat other people; the willingness to get something without giving an equivalent for it; the willingness to sacrifice the noble and the great to the petty and frivolous.

What the outcome shall be if sin is persisted in is all too plainly written—separation from God, separation from his fellowmen, separation from his own better self—shut out in the outer darkness of confusion and disorder. If we seek to answer the further question, How long will the doom of sin endure? we can only say: "To-morrow is with God alone." On all questions of eschatology I am convinced we do well "to be faithful to our ignorance"; resting content in the confidence that "the judge of all the earth will do right"; feeling perfectly sure that no human being will ever be given over to perish until every possibility of rescue has been exhausted in his behalf; but we need also faithfully and unhesitatingly to proclaim those clear principles of faith which have their root not merely in Jewish soil but in the universal life of man; that men must reap what they sow, both here and hereafter—the absoluteness and inevitableness of moral law, the necessity of personal righteousness if men shall be brought on their way toward holiness or happiness or peace.

Salvation from Sin—the Atonement.

If this, then, be the nature and the consequence of sin, it is evident how thoroughgoing and vital the process must be that saves man from his sinfulness. It cannot be simply nor chiefly a transaction done apart from us. It can be nothing less than the power of God's forgiving love working within us. Salvation cannot be made to depend upon the performance of any rite or the utterance of any formula or upon some device of celestial book-keeping. There is no such thing as salvation by proxy, or by hearsay, or by any kind of machinery. Nothing less than the power of Christ's own redeeming love building us up

into a holy, Christlike character, saving us from selfishness and hatred and every evil thing, can kindle in men the hope of glory.

The beginning of this turning from sin toward holiness we call conversion; so far as it relates to man's action, regeneration, if we wish to describe the effect of God's co-operation. But it is but the beginning of a lifelong process, and scarcely in this life shall we see the completion of the atonement—a man made perfectly at one with God.

In the light of the pure and perfect love of Christ, everywhere seen during the days of his earthly ministry, but most clearly manifest as he struggles alone in Gethsemane, and as his heart breaks on Calvary, is seen the perfection of the atonement. No effort to define the atonement has ever seemed satisfactory to me. It can better be described than defined. For any effort to define seems inevitably to obscure and limit our view of the unutterable love of God that passeth knowledge. All of the atonements men have been able to make through the centuries and are yet making, all the vicarious, suffering love which father and mother and friend have borne that those they loved might be redeemed from sin—all of this is but the reflection of the matchless, redeeming love of Jesus in his effort to bear away the sin of the world, and reconcile a sinful world to God. That patient, stainless, self-forgetful life was crowned by the obedience of the cross, and nothing else can so express to men "the eternal heartache and heartbreak of the Father over the wrongdoing of his children." Christ on Calvary becomes forever not the cause of God's love, but the declaration that the heart of the eternal is suffering for the sins of men; not the substitute for our holiness or for our sin, but the fountain for our holiness and the persuasive power by which we are melted into repentance.

Religion a Means of Grace.

But religion is not to be thought of simply nor chiefly as a device for overcoming sin and saving sinners. God's eternal thought for man, unchanged by the fact of sin, is that we should be trained and developed as the children of God; that we should reverently recognize the presence and purpose of God in our lives and accept joyfully the opportunity for deepening sympathy and growing fellowship with him. What, then, are the means of grace to be employed in the development of a Christlike character?

First of all—prayer.

Prayer.

Prayer is the most vital and essential of all the activities of the spirit. It is communion, fellowship, the seeking to think God's thought for us that we may do the Father's will; the inbreathing of God's spirit into our quiet lives that our tasks may become wings bearing us

into heaven, not burdens weighing us down to earth; the merging of the purposes that center about our own lives into the large purpose of God for the race.

Second, fellowship with men who have lived and are now living.

The Bible.

1. Fellowship through the thoughtful reading of the sacred writings which are able to make men "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The Bible is a sure guide to lead men unto God, and no man need lose his way in it. It is thoroughly inexcusable for any one to become so bewildered in the study of its earthly details that he fails to hear in it the voice of God or to appreciate the transcendent message which it bears.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that I am thoroughly and heartily in sympathy with the most searching and reverent critical study of the Bible records. Such a study seems to me exceedingly important as an introduction to the better understanding of the thought of the Bible, but especially to the clear understanding of the mind of Christ, and it does not appear to me that either the higher or lower criticism raises, much less settles, any principle of faith. Whatever else a minister may lack in desirable equipment, he is surely blameworthy if he fails to win by ceaseless endeavor a knowledge of the actual contents and history of the Bible records.

The Church and Its Ordinances.

Then, in the second place, fellowship with men who have lived and are now living through the Church of Christ.

It seems to me clearly evident that all men who are earnestly seeking to do the Father's will in whatever way ought to find a place in the company of Christian believers, and I devoutly believe that the Church of the future will be broad enough and Christian enough to merge all our contradictions into one sublime harmony, finding its basis of unity not in any credal or ritualistic test, but in common loyalty to the Master of men, who alone can break down the middle wall of partition.

Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

I believe in the perpetual maintenance of the two historic sacraments—baptism and the Lord's Supper; the one to be administered to the children of Christian parents, as an act of consecration, in recognition of the perpetual obligation which parents owe their children, and in recognition of the relation the family ought to sustain to the Church; to be administered to adults, who have not been thus consecrated, upon their entrance to the Church, as a visible witness to men of that which men are perpetually forgetting, that we are the children of God, joint heirs with Christ of the kingdom of heaven, and as a beautiful symbol of the gift of power which God waits to bestow on each of his children.

The other sacrament—the Lord's Supper—is a memorial feast, to be administered to all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth, and are trying with their whole heart to follow him, that remembering his undying love we may be constrained through that same self-giving grace to help bear away the sin of the world.

Character through Service.

3. Fellowship with men and women everywhere as widely and nobly as possible, that through service to them and from them we may bring them unto Christ and be brought on our own way toward him. The quiet, steady life of usefulness, the doing of one's task well for the good of our fellows and for the glory of God—this is a mighty means of grace to any aspiring soul.

To use the fine words of another:

"To do right out of a tender and loving regard for the persons who are affected by our action; so to live that no man may be the poorer, no woman may be the sadder, no child the more wretched, for aught we have done or left undone; so to live that through our words and deeds men may see the truth, and enjoy the beautiful, and reverence the pure, and honor the noble, and possess the means of material and social satisfaction—this is to share the life and love and blessedness of God."

The Minister's Task.

This, then, as I conceive it, is the supreme task of the minister of the gospel of Christ.—to warn and rebuke men in sin, to bring comfort and assurance to those in need, to convey inspiration and kindle enthusiasm in all, that men everywhere may be brought to the loving recognition and joyful acceptance of the Father's will, and thus character be wrought out through service; in short, to introduce men unto God that they may know that he is great and good and near; that they may come to feel at home with heavenly thoughts and Christlike purposes.

In so far as I may be able, through the grace given unto me, to point men to him who is the way, the truth and the life, my life's ambition shall be fulfilled.

The impulse to patiently wait and the impulse to trust are both the voice in the soul of that eternal power on which it is stayed.—[G. S. Merriam.

Love is the genius of the heart, penetrating depths, passing behind shows, revealing secrets. Only whom we love do we ever truly know.—[Charles Beard.

Let not the word "yoke" frighten you; we must bear the weight, but God helps us to bear it. It is a burden that two must carry, and God shares it with us.—[Fenelon.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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The Twentieth Century Fund.

Not long ago mention was made in this column that the Board of the Interior had issued a call for twenty thousand dollars over and above all regular contributions to the Foreign Missions, during this year; the fund to be known as the Twentieth Century Fund, and the money to be used for special objects. For some years past, times have been hard and money scarce, and it was impossible to give as much as usual even. But now prosperity seems to be returning and it is possible to give more generously. It was proposed that the money be divided into twenties and that many different women be, each, responsible for one or more twenties. Two thousand dollars were asked of the women of this Coast. When the subject was explained by Mrs. Jewett at the Quarterly Meeting, held in June, there were several responses and a number of twenties were pledged.

We do not want to let our enthusiasm die out in this matter. At last accounts thirty-five twenties were spoken for, mostly from the Southern Branch. It is to be regretted that so little response has been received from the central and upper portion of the Coast.

Retrenchment on the mission field has, too long, been the order of the day. Missionary efforts have been seriously checked in many places, schools have been closed, buildings have grown old and unsafe, it has been impossible to take up new work, even when, otherwise, the way seemed wide open, the work in hand could not be carried on, all for lack of funds.

Let the remaining twenties be quickly pledged and paid. So in helping others we shall ourselves be blessed.

Yirumangalum, India.

Miss Perkins writes: There have been nearly a hundred children in the school this year—boys and girls. The school has done very good work, both in Bible and other studies. We have excellent teachers and earnest Christians as well. We have a number of heathen children in the school which is unusual, for they break caste by eating with Christians; a number are from the robber caste. Their pa-

rents believe they were made by the gods to plunder and steal, and it is difficult to convince them that it is a sin for them to practise this profession.

Famine Prices for Grain.

Although we are not having actual famine in the South, yet grains are selling at famine prices, and we are obliged to have a fund to aid our poor Christians. Famine in the North is beyond description. As it has been a water famine as well as food famine, many of the rescued victims have been in a more desperate condition than in former famines. The skin of the stomach adheres to the back wall of the cavity and food cannot be taken. In other cases, when food reaches the intestines they burst, as they are so shriveled and dry that they cannot expand. With famine come cholera and small-pox, and the plague in some places. Missionaries are taxed to their utmost in these districts.

Famine Orphans.

Many hundreds of orphan children are being rescued—some, of course, die—but many will be spared to learn the praises of our King, and thus we can discern a bright cloud, in this dark dispensation of God's Providence. I feel very grateful to the ladies of the Pacific Coast for the number of children which have been supported in the school during the year. I have, because of your aid, been able to keep on the boarding-school without cessation, though it is costing more than usual.

A lengthy and critical analysis of "The Criminal" from the pen of Rev. A. Drahm, published in "Medical News," New York, the 14th inst., says, among other good things: "The work on 'The Criminal' is essentially philosophical, full of carefully presented ideas. He is largely Spencerian in his tendencies, and his philosophy in the mode of handling the problems involved is molded widely on that thinker's outline. The criminal as a part of society, made so largely by its own structure, is certainly a fascinating theme, and we have read the author's work with much interest and profit. The more interest, perhaps, because, emanating from a theological source we had prejudged it. The effect, then, of finding a distinctly logical and shrewd handling sensibly heightened the enjoyment of reading. We find the book fully the equal of that of Havellock Ellis and one of the best we have met, not barring the classics of Italy, France and Germany."

As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere.—[Thomas a Kempis.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton T. Palmer.

The Seventy Sent Forth (Luke x : 1-11; 17-20).

LESSON X. September 2, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few"* (Luke x : 2).

Introduction.

Time: November-December, A. D. 29.

Place: At a distance from Jerusalem; perhaps Galilee or northern Perea.

Connection: Volumes have been written upon the chronology at this point, and scholars yet disagree upon it. It seems evident that Jesus had gone so far away from Jerusalem since the Feast of Tabernacles, that, looking again toward Jerusalem and the death that he must accomplish there, he could plan a considerable itinerary, embracing thirty-five places or more, but in a general way leading toward that city. That much of this journey was in Perea, the country east of Jordan, is evident from the succeeding narratives. Hence this period is commonly called the Perea Ministry, though including some Judæan incidents; e. g., Luke x : 38-42, which may be out of its chronological order. The seventy men whom Jesus commissioned may be thought of as his advance agents for this journey of ministry. Perea was the portion of Palestine that had least positively rejected Christ up to this time. Perhaps this was a reason why he would give the service of some of the last months of his life there, and in those towns make his clearer claim of Messiahship. For nearly three months now we shall be studying in the gospel of Luke, for Luke is the chief one of the evangelists to report the Perea ministry. Just as Mark chiefly tells of the Galilean ministry and John of the ministry in Jerusalem, Luke is unique in giving account of what was done in Perea.

V. 1. "Seventy others;" i. e., besides the Twelve. The number may have been determined by the number of ready followers that were at hand. But Jewish minds would at once think of the seventy elders (Num. xi : 16), seventy Sanhedrists, and the seventy nations which were reckoned as the total inhabitants of the world. Probably Christ chose that symbolic number with purpose. "Two and two." The Law said that thus should every word be established. "Whither he himself was about to come." He had a definitely planned itinerary.

V. 2. "The harvest." Souls to be saved "unto life eternal." (cf. John iv : 35, 36). "unto life eternal." (cf. John iv : 35, 36). "Laborers." Soul-winners (cf. I Cor. iii : 9). He

had already told some of them that "the field is the world."

V. 3. "In the midst of wolves." A striking illustration of how general was the opposition against Jesus in this last year of his ministry. The seventy were going into the region of Palestine least antagonistic to him, yet even so he knew they faced peril.

V. 4. "No purse." The Twelve had been told to take no "money." "No wallet." The lunch-bag usually swung from the shoulder by Oriental pilgrims. "No shoes." Not that they were to go bare-footed; the verb "carry," and still more the verb in the Greek, forbids that idea. But the change of sandals, commonly taken on journeys then was to be omitted. "Salute no man on the way." This would avoid both the delay and the distraction of tedious ceremonials that meant nothing.

Vs. 5, 6. On the other hand, in the homes that they visited they were not only to give the usual word of greeting, but in their case, saying "Peace" should really bring peace if the house was worthy.

Vs. 7, 8. What was furnished them would be of God's providing; it need not embarrass them to accept it.

V. 9. "Heal the sick." An enabling command.

Vs. 10, 11. Shaking off the dust of the feet frequently figures among ancient ceremonials, signifying indignant departure. Even the inhospitable cities, however, should have one final and public testimony given that God's kingdom had come near.

Vs. 12-16, which are omitted in our lesson, probably occupy their chronological position between the departure and the return of the seventy. These woes pronounced upon Galilean towns can easily be conceived of as Christ's sorrowful farewell to the now hostile region where all his private life and half his public ministry had been spent.

V. 17. "The seventy returned." Perhaps to the place where they had been commissioned; perhaps meeting Jesus already on his tour. "Even the devils." The seventy had had power beyond what Christ had seemed to promise. Possibly this was their way of saying that they had healed even the worst diseases, for it was a current belief in Palestine that epilepsy and idiocy were nothing but evidence of possession by devils.

V. 18. "I beheld Satan fallen." They had seen great things, but Christ had had a view of a still greater victory over Satan himself.

V. 19. "I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions." They had been endowed with greater power than they know. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you." He seems to continue their possession of special power; perhaps their special services were to continue in ways that are not recorded.

V. 20. After all, the chief thing to rejoice in

was what they had received and not what they had done.

Reflections.

We have all been sent into places whither Christ himself would come.

Laborers in God's harvest-field are to pray for reinforcements.

The joy of personal salvation can never be dimmed by any other joy.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Seek Souls (Luke xv: 1-10).

Topic for September 2d.

This topic is religiously taking. There is a ring and a rhythm in some of our religious phrases that catch our fancy and are agreeably stirring to our emotional nature. So they become common in our exhortations and perorations. Often they are so frequently used and so unthinkingly flung into our ears that not a few cultivated people recoil from them. This is exceedingly unfortunate, since the underlying truths are of the utmost importance and urgency. It is too bad to so spoil a piece of polished silver that it looks daubed and unsightly. It is much worse to so handle the Word of God that its very terms become repulsive. But this is the case in many instances; and not a few of the great facts of Christ's teaching are rarely touched if not altogether avoided in our preaching because these phrases have been so tossed about the world with smirched hands.

* * *

What the church needs to-day is a more absorbing conviction that the chief business of all bodies of Christians and every member of those bodies is to bring all souls under the exclusive guidance of Jesus Christ. If it is necessary to change the terms we use regarding this business, let it be done. But we ought to become possessed of the great truth itself in some way. This is the reason of our existence. Jesus came to earth to "seek and to save that which was lost." And the lost does not mean simply people who are guilty of what we dominate crimes, vices and various evil habits. Every man whose will is not responsive to the will of God is a lost man. He needs recovery. Whatever else may be true when "the first things are passed away" and God has made all things new, one thing is certain: all beings in God's presence must delight to do his will. In the great occupations in which the eternal world is to be busy and happy every soul must be absolutely sure to do what God purposes to accomplish.

* * *

It is one thing to suppress crime and reform morals and refine habits, but it is quite another to bring the human will to that state where

one can say with Christ, "I am come—not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." That was our Lord's business on this earth. His personality, his teaching, his death, his provision for the continuance of his work, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the organization of the Church and whatever providences have followed to this day, converge upon that one result—that men may have their will in harmony with and responsive to the will of God. That is our business also, just as truly as it was the business of our Exemplar. We are left here on this earth of sin and sorrow and toil for that purpose. Our opportunities and powers are given to us for this end. The results of our life will be tabulated with reference to our effort, and our influence in leading men to yield themselves to the control of the will of God.

* * *

Now seeking souls means just this. The strength of a person's character for good or evil lies just here; it is in his will. If our work with men stops short of that, it is fatal as far as making them a part of the kingdom of God. A firm conviction of this truth will do very much to give us clear views of what methods to pursue and what results to value in this work of seeking souls. The supreme question as to means is: "What will best lead men to give up their own will and to follow the will of our Lord?" It must be remembered here that all who need this work are not outside of the churches. If there is any weakness in the church of God as we see it, or as the world looks at it, it is in its lack of perfect harmony with the will of God. Just as far as that will is constant and supreme with us, just so far are we strong, influential and successful in seeking souls.

* * *

The chief idea of the church, therefore, is its own culture in bringing the will of men into perfect harmony with the will of God. It is not to attract crowds, fill houses of worship and pay bills. It is to give strength and purpose and eagerness to you and to me, fellow-Christian, that we may go to our home and business and be the will of God on earth. What makes the lost so reluctant to respond to our invitations and our services? It is because they are not sure that doing the will of God is the very best life that human beings can lead. They are not yet certain that it is the freest, happiest, most exalted experience a soul can have. When the church can show them that, when the church can put before them lives that have been freed from the fear and the sorrows and selfishness of a life apart from God, they will meet the question in its most persuasive and potent form. The preaching we need and the meetings we require and the great themes we ought to consider, are those that will lead us, Christian Endeavorers,

to present to our circles of acquaintance lives wholly directed by the will of God. Such a life will seek souls—and save them, too.

Hitherto.

When our soul is much discouraged
By the roughness of the way,
And the cross we have to carry
Seemeth heavier every day.
When some cloud that overshadows
Hides our Father's face from view;
Oh! 'tis well then to remember
He has blessed us *Hitherto*.

Looking back the long years over,
What a varied path! And yet,
All the way His hand hath led us,
Placed each hindrance we have met;
Given to us the "pleasant places,"
Cheered us all the journey through;
Passing through the deepest waters,
He hath blessed us *Hitherto*.

Surely, then, our souls should trust Him,
Though the clouds be dark o'er head;
We have a friend that draweth closer,
When all other friends have fled,
When our pilgrimage is over,
And the gates we're sweeping through,
We shall see with clearer vision
How He blessed us *Hitherto*.

—Anon.

Home Circle.

A Home Atmosphere.

A child's religion is shaped more by the personality of its parents than by their formal religious teachings. Hence the best method of education for parents to pursue with their children is always to be themselves in personal character what they wish their children to be. "For their sakes I sanctify myself," might well be written up as the motto of every home. The home atmosphere is the child's vital breath. And the parents are chiefly responsible for this unconscious but pervasive influence unceasingly operative in the lives of their children.

In the matter of honor, for instance. How impossible for a father to describe honor to a child in so many words if he is not himself the soul of honor! *Noblesse oblige* is a motto that has to be lived to be understood. A man who is deficient in chivalry toward his wife, who excuses laxity in business relations, who adopts subterfuge to hide unworthy habits, can never hope to teach his children to be honorable.

The conversation of parents about the minister and the church, about neighbors, about the strangers who have lately moved into the vicinity will reveal to the child the real spirit with which his father and mother regard others. No amount of authoritative command will prevent the working of the same spirit in the child's mind.

Children hold the mirror up to their pa-

rents' nature in a most astounding manner. It is unfortunate that more parents do not see what is so clearly revealed to them.

In the religious spirit of his parents a child finds at first what he supposes to be the truth of religion in general. It takes years of time and close personal contact with devoted lives to obliterate the deadening effect of a shallow parental religious life. A man who gives up his Sunday to idling, or sensational reading, or sport, will never be able to convince his son of any real loyalty to the church. And if these Sunday habits are but a revelation of the superficiality of his daily life, then no professions of religious belief will ever mean to his children more than a mere bid for respectability.

Neither does an orthodox puritanism serve much better in making children religious. If they suspect that father goes to church only because he is afraid not to, and that mother makes them learn Bible verses not because she likes the verses, but because she supposes that to be the way to make children good, they will soon make up their minds that as soon as they get away from father and mother they will do what is more interesting.

When, on the contrary, the parents live on a high plane of devotion to the good, the true and the beautiful, when love is the ruling spirit of their lives and reveals itself in the most casual conversation, when their effort is simply to lead their children into the eternal realities into which they themselves have already entered, then there will be no suspicious or perpetual antagonisms in the children's thoughts. They will take the religious life for granted, as the glorification of the common life. And it will take a very great power of evil to destroy in them the desire to emulate those who have lived the truth for their sakes.—[Rev. E. H. Chandler, in New York Evangelist.

God's Boy and Mine.

She was a Christian mother, and when her first-born child lay in her arms she said reverently, "God's boy and mine," and a partnership was formed between God and the mother for the training and teaching of the child, writes Emma Deidrick in "Christian Work." The mother resolved that he should never know when first he heard a prayer or knew of Jesus' love.

So every night, after the little one had been made ready for bed the mother would kneel down, and, taking both tiny palms in one of hers, would gently place the other hand over baby's eyes and ask in simple audible words that the dear Lord who loved children would keep and bless her boy and help him to be good and true. By and by when baby was strong enough to sit up, the mother would have him sit on the edge of the bed and lean

his cheek against hers—but always one hand covered his eyes while the other held his.

Then came a time when the little frame was racked with agony. Mother and doctor and friends were seeking to save a little life. Not old enough to talk, he could not tell his pain, but after a while rest came, and the doctor said, "I think the worst is over, and if baby will go to sleep nature will do the rest." But the eyes kept opening with a restless look, and the hands reaching out, mamma stooped over and said, "What does my darling want?" Instantly two tiny hands were put into hers, and, moving his head towards hers, the eyes closed. A moment of silence followed, for the mother thought she could not pray with the doctor there. The blue eyes opened, the little hands nestled closer into hers, and the eager coo of the sweet baby voice broke the silence. "He wants something—do you know what it is?" asked the doctor. And the mother, remembering the partnership with God, knelt down and prayed the simple, brief sentences, and baby slept. With moistened eyes the doctor said, as he laid his hand on the mother's bowed head, "I wish every child could grow up that way."

Do you smile and say it was only a habit and had no reverent meaning to the child? True; but the boy grew into the habit of prayer, and the mother and son were forever bound together by a cord of love that extended that partnership till "God and we," as the boy put it, were working together.

Mothers, it is a blessed thing to be partners with God in the training of your children.

The Influence of a Single Book.

"When I went into the street, after reading that book," said a man who had been perusing Homer, "men seemed to be ten feet high."

It is said that Voltaire, at the age of five years, read a skeptical poem, the impression of which made him the arch-scoffer of his century. A lad once showed to another a book full of words and pictures of impurity. He only had it in his hands a few moments. Later in life he held high office in the church, and, years afterwards, told a friend that he would have given half he possessed had he never seen it, for its impure images at the most holy times would sometimes rise unbidden in his mind.

A book that starts a young person on a life career is a great power. The inspiration of a single book has made teachers, preachers, philosophers, authors, statesmen. On the other hand, the demoralizing effect of one book has made infidels, profligates, criminals.

Ossian's poems had a marked impression on Napoleon's life, and he was never weary singing the praises of Homer. Cotton Mather's "Essay to Do Good" helped to shape Frank-

lin's whole career. Tyndall was greatly influenced by Emerson's book on nature. Beecher declares that Ruskin's books taught him the secret of seeing, and that no man can ever again be quite the same man or look at the world in the same way after reading him.

Madame Roland would take a copy of Plutarch to church, and read a sentence at every pause in the devotional services. The book was also a favorite with Napoleon. Plutarch pictures with a masterly hand little peculiarities in his heroes unnoticed by other writers. He said he would leave descriptions of great battles to others, and confine himself to scenes indicating the souls of men. Shakespeare copied many things from Plutarch, sometimes repeating his language word for word. Curran used to read Homer through once a year.

The sight of an engraving representing Troy in flames, its battlements clearly defined, stimulated Dr. Schlieman to attempt those explorations and excavations which have resulted in such wonderful discoveries. Luther was encouraged by the life and writings of John Huss.

Samuel Drew said that Locke's "Essay on the Understanding" awakened him from stupor and induced him to form a resolution to abandon the groveling views he had been accustomed to maintain.

Abbott's "Life of Napoleon," read at the age of seven years, sent one boy I knew to the army before he was fourteen.

An English tanner, whose leather gained a great reputation, said he should not have made it so good if he had not read Carlyle.

In the parlor window of the old mossy vicarage, where Coleridge spent his dreamy childhood, lay a well-thumbed copy of that oriental fancy, the "Arabian Nights," and he has told us with what mingled desire and apprehension he was wont to look at the precious book, until the morning sunshine had touched and illuminated it, when, seizing it hastily, he would carry it off in triumph to some leafy nook in the vicarage garden, and plunge delightedly into its maze of marvels and enchantments.

Who can trace in the poet's writing the influence of this book?

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited, and the moral is not far to seek. The carefulness with which books for youth should be written and selected cannot be overestimated.—[Success.]

Whom to Thank.

It was a hot August afternoon, and clouds had long withheld their shadow and their rain, and a little Flower lay dying. As it lay there looking piteously up into the heavens and longing for refreshment, a drop fell down and then another and another and another all about it and at its roots, and the

Flower, refreshed and revived and brought back to life, lifted up its face and said: "Drop, I thank thee; you have saved my life."

And the Drop said: "Thank us not; the Clouds sent us."

And the Flower lifted up its face toward the heavens and said: "O Cloud, in thy summer glory, I thank thee; thou hast saved my life."

And the Cloud said: "Thank not me; the Sun drew me from the Ocean and the Wind waited me here; thank Sun; thank Wind."

And the Flower, perplexed and puzzled, turned its face hither and thither, saying to the Sun and the Wind: "O Sun, I thank thee—thou hast brought this water from the far-off Ocean; I thank thee, O Wind, that on thy wings thou didst bear it here for my refreshment."

The Sun and the Wind said: "Thank not me; thank God, who gave the Ocean and the Sun and the Wind and caused the Drops to fall."

And then the Christianly-instructed Flower lifted up its face and said: "O God, I thank thee, who didst make the Ocean and didst give the Sun its power to draw the Cloud from the Ocean, and didst give the Winds their wings to bring the Clouds hither, and didst drop Drops from the Clouds which brought me back my life."

So may we turn all our joy to gratitude.—
[By Lyman Abbott.]

A Hand-Shake.

To many the fashion of shaking hands is utterly absurd; but when we understand its origin, it gains in dignity, and has, like many another strange custom, a good reason for existing.

Back in the olden days, when our ancestors were what may be called only semi-civilized, each man had always near him a weapon of defence. Every one was his own law giver, protector and avenger; and carried in his hand a club or sword or dagger, as the case might warrant. Thus it came about that merely as a proof that he was unarmed, he offered his chance acquaintance his empty right hand.

What was at first merely a safeguard gradually grew into a habit, and is now an indication of friendliness and goodfellowship all the world over.

It is a sublime moment in any man's career, when, rising to the full dignity of his manhood, he utters forth his whole personality in complete, glorious self-attainment and self-surrender in the prayer, "Thy will be done"; for in that prayer he dedicates himself wholly to the doing of God's will of righteousness, to a lasting warfare with evil in all its phases and forms, and with all the energy of which he is master, re-enforced by the eternal strength.—
[W. W. Fenn.]

Our Boys and Girls.

Curious Resting-Places.

By Prof. Chas. Frederic Holder.

Any one who has crossed the Atlantic or Pacific cannot have failed to notice the land birds which seek shelter and rest upon the vessel, often hundreds of miles from shore. Sometimes it is an eagle that alights on the truck or yard-arm; again, a troop of delicate sparrows or even a humming-bird—all so weary and exhausted that they have lost all fear, and almost seem to court the friendship of human beings. A fisherman on the Maine coast, who daily sailed out ten miles from shore, stated that he frequently was visited by shore birds, which alighted on his dory, and made themselves perfectly at home. Such birds, and those which visit the steamers out to sea, have been blown from their course during the season of migration. Thus, in the fall and spring, long lines of migrating birds extend up and down the coast. The majority fly at night, high in the air, following the shore line or a mountain range; and, if caught in a gale and blown out to sea, they lose their bearings, become confused, and fly on, alighting on vessels, when perfectly exhausted.

When ships and boats are not available, birds will alight upon almost any object. I have seen a gull standing on the back of a sleeping loggerhead turtle in the Gulf of Mexico, apparently very much at home; and the huge, basking shark which is often seen floating on the surface, its brown back exposed, has been observed almost covered with sea birds, which undoubtedly thought a shark a log or a piece of wreckage, discovering their mistake when the shark rolled over or sank beneath the waves.

The laughing gulls of the Gulf of Mexico and Southern California waters have a singular fancy for roosting upon the back of the brown pelican, which I have often observed. But this is not always to rest, as the gull reaches out when the pelican secures a sardine, and often snatches it. Sometimes the gull roosts upon the round head of the pelican, its wings held aloft in the effort to preserve its balance. A singular feature of this intrusion and impertinence on the part of the gull is that the pelican never resents it—at least, not in the scores of instances observed by me, so far as appearances went, being aware that it was being trampled upon by the inquisitive laughing gull, which, when it had secured its fish by the most barefaced methods, went flying away with a victorious "Ha-ha!"

The Santa Catalina Channel, in Southern California waters, is a favorite field in summer for the giant mola, or sunfish, one of the most remarkable of all the denizens of the sea, a rotund, chopped-off creature, which resembles nothing. Some wit has described it as the fish

that was originally very long, and was chopped off to suit its requirements; and, apparently, this is what happened, as the fish has literally no tail, its place being taken by what appears to be a mere rim, or frill, which can be moved to a very limited extent. The sunfish, like the basking shark, has a singular habit of lying on the surface in the wash of the waves, and is almost always taken for a piece of wreckage. In August, in the Santa Catalina channel, they are frequently seen floating in a heavy sea, lying broadside up, the pectoral fin slowly fanning the air—the only evidence of life about the strange object. Why the fish takes this position is, to a certain extent, a misnomer; but I think it is due in some instances to the fact that the creature is infested with many parasites, which live in the thick mucus which covers its skin, and that it endeavors to destroy them by exposing itself to the direct rays of the sun.

These fishes attain an enormous size. I was spending some weeks at the mouth of the St. John's river some years ago, when a sunfish ran aground on the bar, as would a ship, drawing over ten feet of water. As soon as it struck, it keeled over, and began to thrash about, attracting so much attention that a boat was sent out to secure it. The fish measured, from the top of one fin to that of the other, eleven feet, and must have weighed over one thousand pounds. An equally large specimen was taken off Redondo Beach, Cal. They are very sluggish fishes, so that I have rowed alongside and hooked them with a boat-hook, or gaff. One of the largest ever seen was harpooned off Santa Catalina Island a few years ago. It was estimated at twenty feet across, and to weigh two thousand pounds. The fish was lying prone upon the surface, and was so sluggish that it barely moved when the heavy harpoon was driven into it. It soon began to settle; and it was the opinion of those in the boat that, if the rope had not broken, the giant would have dragged the launch beneath the water. These fishes afford an excellent roost for various sea birds; and the spectacle of a sunfish bearing several gulls or a cormorant is often witnessed, in which case it might readily be taken for wreckage.

It is possible that the gulls aid in freeing the great fishes of their parasitic enemies, alighting upon them as the little African bird enters the mouth of the crocodile, which patiently expands it for the purpose. Such resting-places are more or less unsteady; but by continual practice the birds become skilled in holding on. This is well exemplified by the gulls which follow the steamers which ply between San Pedro and Avalon, Cal. The birds follow the steamer out and back, a flight of forty miles; and, when they become weary, they appear to take turns in alighting on the round golden ball which surmounts the mast. This

almost impossible resting-place pitches about in all directions—now forward or back or from side to side, sometimes jerking the bird off; but, as a rule, these feathered acrobats retain their position even in the roughest weather.

In Africa, especially in the great swamps, certain birds employ a variety of animals as roosts. A small white heron has a special penchant for the rhinoceros, often being seen sitting on its back, its pure white body in sharp contrast to the black and mud-covered living roost. The great water-buffalo is often fairly covered with the birds popularly known as ox-biters, which run over its body, clinging to the long hair, ears, or tail, hanging in clusters about the patient animal, and rise above it in clouds and flocks, uttering vociferous cries when the roost, perchance to relieve itself from the noisy throng, rolls in the deep mud of the swamp.

The camel is often used by several birds as a roost; and, undoubtedly, all these birds repay the animals by destroying the various parasites which infest them. Last winter, in riding across country in Southern California, I came upon a flock of sheep grazing on a little mesa. Many of the sheep carried about on their backs from one to three or four blackbirds, which perched there, apparently perfectly contented. On another occasion, in the same country, I saw pigs serving as roosts, instead of sheep. Nearly every black pig was mounted by one or two blackbirds. Some stood on the head, another clung to an ear; while, in another instance, four blackbirds perched upon the back of a pig, all noisily talking or singing in their peculiar language.

A traveler in North Africa has described a remarkable instance of this singular association. Lying in the bush, watching for large game, he saw approaching a flock of storks, which moved slowly on, with deliberate gait, feeding as they came. When they reached him, passing not twenty feet away, to his astonishment, he saw that each stork bore upon its back one or two small birds, which occasionally flew to the ground to pick up a grasshopper, but invariably returning to their strange walking-roost.

Darwin witnessed a singular and interesting illustration of this phase of animal life in the Gallapagos Islands. At that time the large tortoise, peculiar to the place, was very common, and to be found everywhere lumbering along over the trails they had made. Meeting one, Darwin saw that it carried upon its back several birds, which were so tame that they made no effort to fly away. Whether they were merely taking a ride or had alighted on the animal as it sat still, it was difficult to determine. Darwin also saw and observed a lizard here, which swam out into the water to feed, and was perfectly at home there. As it made its way through the kelp-beds, the gulls often

alighted on its head and back—a proceeding which apparently did not trouble the lizard in the least.

If we go down to the sea, we shall find many quaint illustrations of this custom. Thus the fish remora literally rides about upon a variety of fishes, especially sharks, which frequently have from one to six or seven remoras clinging to them, and which refuse to leave their consort when taken. I have seen them attached to large fishes, as the sheepshead, and no turtles. Certain sea anemones are invariably found literally roosting upon the backs of crabs. One dredged off the New England coast was a light-giver, or phosphorescent. So the crab was forced to carry about what was, to all intents and purposes, a light-house. Another sea anemone in East Indian waters also adopts a crab as a roost, and rides about upon it, not upon its back, but upon one of its big claws, in such a position that, when the crab eats, the mouth of the sea anemone is brought in contact with the food.

This is one of the most remarkable instances of something akin to affection between two low animals known, as the experiment of separating them was tried. The anemone was taken off the claw of the crab, which at once resented it, and replaced the anemone in the same spot. This was repeated, and again the crab replaced the anemone in the same position. Then the cruel experimentalist removed the anemone, and cut it into several pieces, whereupon the crab attempted to collect them and replace them upon its claw.

The animals which carry others about for various reasons are numerous; and a volume could be written, describing them alone.

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by some knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls in this year of grace, 1900, that I would try to leave undone, and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do.

If I were a girl, I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthy, well-knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year. I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl, I would learn as early as possible to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own

clothes, to sweep and dust and iron and cook, and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl, I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl, I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words, and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant, and to mean what I said. It pays to be positive.

If I were a girl I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a Roman, and how and where Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the English language is known and a public library is accessible.

If I were a girl I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the same time wisely used would give me a lifelong acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature, and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the dance, the card-table, and the theater be so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived. I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by cant and "goodishness," but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will!"—
[Jessie Pounds in Missionary Tidings.]

Utilizing the Waste.

On the floor of the gold-working room in the United States Mint at Philadelphia there is a wooden lattice-work which is taken up

when the floor is swept, and the fine particles of gold dust, thousands of dollars yearly, are thus saved. So every successful man has a kind of network to catch "the raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days and wee bits of hours" which most people sweep into the waste of life. "While the students at Andover were waiting for breakfast at the boarding-house," said a lady, "the rest of the young men would stand chaffing each other; but Joseph Cook, if there were only a half-minute to spare, would turn to the big dictionary in the corner of the room and learn the synonyms of a word or search out its derivation." It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook has evidently swallowed the dictionary, and cheap people often make the remark; but our age has not produced many nobler geniuses, nor a more magnificent specimen of true self-culture.—[From "Pushing to the Front."

Historic Friends.

Among historic friendships that of Damon and Pythias occupies a high place. Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, irritated by their blameless lives, trumped up an excuse, and sentenced one of them to death. The other, in order that the condemned man might have time to go home and put his affairs in order, offered to become a hostage for him in his absence. Time went on, and the absent one failed to return.

Dionysius thereupon gave orders to proceed with the execution; but as it was about to take place Pythias made his appearance and announced that he was ready to die. Dionysius was so delighted with this rare fidelity that he not only pardoned Pythias, but begged to be allowed admittance to the friendship of the faithful ones.

"The 'new boy' is of later origin than the 'new woman,'" said Mrs. V. Witherbee, who lectured recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. "He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothing, cook his own breakfast, and wash the dishes, if necessary, and he is no longer considered a 'sissy' for so doing. He can carry on successfully a bachelor establishment for his father and himself, make out the menus, hire the domestics, and even do his part socially, without losing his place among the first six in school. The 'new boy' is the result of a growing belief among mothers and educators that domestic training is just as good for boys as for girls. They argue that a domestically trained boy makes the best husband, and that the brother who is obliged occasionally to make his own bed or boil an egg will not look down on his sister for doing the same things; also, that the girl who can use her brother's kit of tools will no longer consider him a superior being, because the tools are his property rather than hers."

Henry A. Hazen.

Secretary of the National Council.

Editor of the Pacific: I cannot withhold my tribute to the memory of this brother, whose service to our denomination has been very great and whose personal character has matched the service he has rendered. For sixteen of the twenty-three years of my service as Statistical Secretary of our Association of California, I have been in frequent correspondence with him as my chief in relation to the National Year Book. When I met him in Boston last January he said to me that he believed I was the senior in length of service of all the Statistical Secretaries. But back in the days of my youth I first met him among his and my own native hills of Vermont, and was present at his ordination in St. Johnsbury. After this long and pleasant relationship my heart is deeply touched by the tidings of his death, which occurred August 4th. He was a rare man, called to a work that few men have tastes for or are fitted for, doing it well from the first and better every succeeding year; a work that has compelled attention to our denominational expansion, numerical strength and benevolent activity.

He kept in close touch with all the State Statistical Secretaries and called their attention to discrepancies, to omissions, and to possible improvements in methods. At every meeting of the National Council he called together the State Secretaries present and asked for suggestions from them, inviting suggestions likewise by correspondence from those who could not be present. He mastered details and aimed to make the national statistics accurate in every department of inquiry. No denomination has had or could have a better statistician.

He had much to do with stimulating interest in our National Councils and was looking forward with great expectations to the Council of 1901. There are many who will recall his presence at Portland in 1898 and his subsequent visit to California. He greatly enjoyed his visit to the Pacific Coast and followed closely our denominational movements. In a letter just received from him he alludes to our Pacific Coast Council, showing that he had followed its proceedings and appreciated its significance. To Mrs. Hazen and the daughters, friends on the Pacific Coast offer tender sympathy.

H. E. Jewett.

Berkeley.

To some most true and faithful lives, the divine word never comes with any rapture or ecstasy at all, but only like "daily bread"—a simple, quiet faith, arming the soul for duty, and keeping it unshaken before all danger.—[G. S. Merriam.

Conversion is a planting time with a soul --not a harvest.

Church News.

Northern California.

Alturas.—Both Alturas and Likely churches listened to practical and helpful sermons on Sunday, the 12th, by Superintendent James H. Harrison of C. H. M. Society.

Saratoga.—Miss Denton went on Tuesday to the Annual Meeting of the Saratoga Woman's Missionary Society, which was to be held on the Bella Vista, the beautiful Farwell Rancho.

San Lorenzo.—The Union church is making preparations for the proper observance of its twenty-fifth anniversary the first Sunday in September. The church and parsonage have been newly painted, and other improvements made which add much to their appearance.

Sebastopol.—The First Congregational Society of Sebastopol has filed articles of incorporation. A new church building has also been contracted for at a cost of \$2,500, of which sum \$1,700 is already in hand. The church mourns the removal by death of Mrs. Henry Hurlburt, a charter member, and for many years an active member, both of the church and of the W. C. T. U. Rev. H. E. Banham exchanged pulpits with Mr. Kirtland last Sunday.

Alameda.—The First church presents a record so honorable and so cheering that we make room for the report entire. "August 1, 1885, at the request of this church, Mr. Scudder commenced his pastorate in Alameda, coming directly from Hartford Theological Seminary. The church then numbered thirty-five members, and was drawing aid from the Home Missionary Society. August 1, 1900, completed fifteen years in which church and pastor have been working together. While the growth has not been very rapid it has been a substantial one. Harmony and cordial co-operation have characterized the membership. Faithful and efficient officers and workers have steadily gained ground, year by year. During all this period the church has been self-supporting, and has in addition turned \$11,000 of free-will offerings into channels of benevolent and missionary service. Four hundred and sixty-six members have been received into the church, more than 225 of whom came on confession of their faith, making a yearly average of about 14 on confession and 16 by letter. One hundred and seventy-six have been removed by letter, death and discipline. The present membership is 330, of whom between 70 and 80 are scattered in other towns. The church has no indebtedness, has twice added to its building, built a pipe organ, and made a number of improvements. Organized about twenty years after the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches in Alameda, she is

generally recognized as standing to-day side by side with them in numbers, responsibility and influence in our city. Her organizations are in a healthful condition. A Sunday-school of 300, a Christian Endeavor membership of 100, a Brotherhood of 50 members, a Ladies' Social Circle of 100 and a Ladies' Aid Society of 50, and a Missionary Society of more than 100 contributors. These have all been slowly and patiently built up, all together giving the church a warm, evangelistic spirit. Here are some among the many blessings that these passing years have brought to us. We are often disheartened that our work does not show larger returns and quicker expansion. But if each worker, looking back, will note how the faithful, quiet service that seemed so futile and small, has done its part in the general, steady advance of our church, we can have large reasons for rejoicing together in the substantial progress that, with God's help, we have been allowed to attain."

Southern California.

Los Angeles Vernon.—The pastor and family are spending the month of August at Long Beach. The services of Rev. W. A. Lamb the past three Sundays have been greatly appreciated by the people. Rev. H. C. Waddell has kindly consented to fill out the month. The work of the church has been well sustained during the pastor's long vacation.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. G. M. Dexter's address will be 573 Twenty-first Street, Oakland.

The Santa Clara Association will meet at Pescadero September 5th and 6th.

A Congregational Church was organized recently at Angels Camp, and the prospects are bright for a "strong membership." May its whole course be as angelic as its name and its inception would seem to imply.

At the Ministers' Meeting, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Kincaid, the hour was taken up with addresses by visiting brethren. Rev. Geo. Mooar, D.D., who has just returned from New England, will speak next Monday of impressions received during his visit.

The Ministerial Association of Yolo Co., in view of the resignation by Rev. E. D. Haven of his pastorate at Woodland, adopted resolutions setting forth their appreciation of him as a man and a minister, and expressing their regret at parting from him. Mr. Haven will reside in San Jose.

The church at San Jose feels that it has been peculiarly fortunate in its temporary pastorate during the absence of Rev. M. Tenney. Mr. George H. Tolson, a student in the Pacific Theological Seminary, has served them

until the present time. Of him the church speaks enthusiastically and regretfully of the separation. The church, indeed, is fortunate; for Rev. Charles Cragin of Rio Visto will act as their pastor during September. They are glad also because Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Haven are to make their home in San Jose. Miss Denton has stirred them recently by one of her breezy missionary talks.

A matter of more than local interest is the proposed Students' Bible Class in the First Church, Berkeley, under the leadership of James T. Allen, Ph. D. The sessions are to begin August 26th, and to be held in connection with the Sunday School each Sunday at 12:30 p. m. The course of study for the present year will be the public ministry of Jesus, having in mind the development of faith in Him as the Divine Messiah. This course, it is intended, shall be followed by others upon the worship of Jesus in the primitive church; and the Christology of Paul.

The San Francisco Association will meet with the church at Ocean View, S. F., September 6th, at 2:30 p. m. The themes as announced are, "Congregationalism in England," Rev. William Rader. "San Francisco Association and Home Missions," Rev. J. K. Harrison. "The Capen Plan Carefully Considered," Rev. Geo. C. Adams. "The Worth of the Church to the Community," Rev. Joseph Rowell. "How Can the Church Effectually Send Its Light Through the Community," Rev. John Phillips. "A Regenerate Membership Essential to Success," Rev. W. E. M. Stewart. "Individuals Truly Converted, the Only Safe Basis for all Reforms," Rev. Miles B. Fisher.

A new sect is to be added to the world's overstock. Its name is to be the "New Age Church," and its seat, Utah! Its founder promises "not to plunge into unprofitable theological controversies, but to feed the multitude with living, practical, usable truths that touch every day life, and work and heart and needs." Well, that is good, and Utah seems to be a good field for that sort of work. But he also proposes to issue a new edition of the Bible "where its pure and lofty ethical teachings will be separate and distinguished from its legendary lore." The man who makes this modest proposal claims to have been a Congregational minister. All the same, we hope Utah will not think we hate her.

The Park Church in Lorin is another for which congratulations are in order. Under the ministry of Rev. E. B. Bradley, and the business management of a board of trustees composed wholly of women, the past year has been one of marked prosperity—an indebtedness of \$233 has been wiped out, needed improvements, including repairing, the addition

of a portico and pastor's study and general interior renovation—have been made and all bills paid. The utmost harmony of feeling and practical co-operation between pastor and people have prevailed. And last Sunday the whole year's work culminated in rededication services, in which they enjoyed the presence and helpful words of Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., also of Rev. J. D. Foster, a former pastor.

The Pacific Theological Seminary opened the new year on Tuesday morning, under encouraging conditions. A large audience of interested friends gathered in the Chapel, where, after hymns and prayer, which lifted all hearts up, and prepared the way for President McLean's address, which was in his very best vein, setting forth the imperative need of manliness as an equipment for the preacher. One is apt to judge of these yearly addresses, that every one is better than its predecessors. But this time we are sure of it. It was itself an illustration of the theme, strong, tender, loving, shrewd, and in every way fitted to promote high ideals and earnest work. The outlook for students, we were told, is hopeful both as regards numbers and quality. And so another year opens in an atmosphere of sympathy and prayer.

The uncertainties of the law are again illustrated in the case of the murderer Hoff, who, having been fairly convicted and sentenced, is now granted a new trial on technical grounds. And this, it is claimed, will reopen the Botkin case, wherein identical instructions were given to the jury, by the same trial justice. And as these were copied from those given in the celebrated Durant case, it is apparently only the fact that the prisoner has passed beyond the revision of courts, which stands in the way of a reopening of that case. It may be unavoidable in the present instance, but it is none the less unfortunate, for it is such delays and evasions of substantial justice that become the occasion of lynchings, and other outrages against life and order. There surely does seem a demand for the exaltation of equity over technicality in our law courts. At present the merely formal is too often allowed to defeat the real, and justice is wounded in the house of its friends.

Special attention is called to the articles in our Home Circle columns this week. Every one will be found well worth reading. It is difficult to select the best article of the four of greatest length. But "God's Boy and Mine" would perhaps receive first place in the estimate of most people. That article, as well as "The Influence of a Single Book," is a good one for parents to read and to treasure.

Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful be true.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

From a Congregational standpoint, as well as from the standpoint of what is best in our State touching the cause of higher Christian education, irrespective of denominational lines, the event of the past few days has been the resignation of President Thomas McClelland of Pacific University, and its acceptance by the Board of Trustees at a meeting held on August 9th. Dr. McClelland was present and read his resignation as follows:

"Forest Grove, Or., August 4, 1900.—To the Board of Trustees of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University—Dear Sirs: Several weeks ago a unanimous and urgent invitation came to me from the trustees of Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., to become the president of that institution. Coming, as it did, unsought and entirely unexpected, and supported by influential friends of both Pacific University and Knox College, I could not lightly cast it aside, and so for these weeks I have been carefully considering all the questions involved, with the result that I now beg to tender you my resignation of the presidency of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, in order that I may accept the invitation to the presidency of Knox College.

"I need hardly say that I have reached this settlement of one of the most difficult questions of my life after many misgivings and with genuine sorrow at the thought of severing my connections with Pacific University, to which, through the work of the past nine years, I have become very strongly attached.

In this connection I may be permitted to express my gratitude to the members of the board for the hearty and generous support given me in all my efforts for the advancement of the institution. To the loyalty of the board, which has been constant and unanimous to this hour, must be attributed in large measure whatever of success the institution has gained under my administration.

"In giving up the work here I should like to have it understood that I am not doing so because of any disappointment in the present conditions or lack of confidence in the future of the institution. In my judgment the prospect was never so bright as today. The year just closed showed the largest enrollment in its history; its finances are now in a comparatively satisfactory condition, with the best of reasons for believing that substantial additions will be made to the permanent funds soon; it has an able and harmonious faculty, thoroughly devoted to the interests of the institution, and it enjoys in a remarkable degree the confidence of the public.

"With full assurance that Pacific University will more and more realize its highest ideals

of broad culture and Christian character, I am yours respectfully.

After full consideration the Board of Trustees unanimously passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, The presentation of President McClelland's resignation to the Board of Trustees of Pacific University compels some action on their part, and after exhausting every effort to dissuade him from going, we are at his earnest solicitation obliged to accept it and thus release him from the position of esteem and confidence which he has held so long to accept the presidency of Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., to which he has been called.

"Resolved, Therefore, that we accept his resignation, to take effect September 1st of the present year.

"We do this, however, solely at his own request, and with great reluctance. In severing this connection between President McClelland and the board, we desire to place ourselves on record as being thoroughly satisfied with his management of the college for the past nine years. Coming to us, as he did, at a time when wise counsels were needed, when the exigencies of the situation required a leader of far more than ordinary ability, he has fully justified the highest anticipations then cherished. He has been an educator of great merit, being thorough and comprehensive in thought and purpose, and earnest and wise in his methods. Fertile in ways and means, and with a charming gift for managing teachers and students, he has been the embodiment of executive ability coupled with rare Christian culture. We have found him easily co-operative alike with the faculty and the Board of Trustees, while he has ever been unswerving in his regard for absolute integrity and truthfulness. Above all, he has impressed the board, the faculty, the students, and all with whom he has come in contact with the highest type of a Christian gentleman.

"Under his efficient management, and largely by his personal efforts, means have been secured to remodel and enlarge the academy building, the magnificent college building, Marsh Memorial Hall has been erected, and more than \$100,000. has been added to the endowment fund."

Professor W. N. Ferrin was elected Dean of the college and will have oversight of its affairs until the Board of Trustees shall elect a successor to the retiring president.

Walter Yale Durand, A. B., of Oberlin, and A. M. of Harvard, was elected instructor of English and public speaking, and W. T. Fletcher, a graduate of Pacific University, instructor in Latin and geometry.

The board will continue to add to the scope of the work of Pacific University along the lines laid down by President McClelland, and

by the addition of competent instructors to the faculty will constantly increase the efficiency of the college.

In addition to the departure of President McClelland being a distinct loss to the denomination and to the cause of Christian education in this State, as well as up and down the Coast, it is a personal loss to every one who had the privilege of personal touch with him, outside of his prescribed duties. In many ways the writer hereof came into close touch with him, and can testify to his genial character and fine spirit under all circumstances. President McClelland was born in Lehigh County, Pa., on May Day, 1846, of Scotch-Irish parentage. His parents removed to Mendon, Ill., when he was 13 years of age, where he resided until he entered Denmark Academy, in Iowa, to prepare for college, graduating with the degree of bachelor of arts in the class of '75. In 1883 he received his master's degree from the same institution. After studying at Union Theological Seminary, in New York City and Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, he completed the course and the degree of bachelor of divinity was conferred upon him at the latter school in 1880. Professor McClelland at once accepted a position in Tabor (Ia.) College, in whose faculty he remained until he accepted the presidency of Pacific University, in 1891. The high esteem in which he was held at Tabor was evidenced by that school's making him a doctor of divinity in 1893. Mrs. McClelland, during their stay in Oregon, has been prominent in Congregational Missionary Society work, having been at the head of the ladies' organization in this State. Their family consists of two sons and a daughter.

A new method for a Sunday service was adopted early this month by the Hassalo Street Church, instead of suspending all service during the month of August, as has been the rule in that church for several years past. The first service of this character was held on August 5th. In this the church and Sunday school were merged into one, and the usual hour of morning worship. The order included the repeating the First Psalm in unison and the Beatitudes responsively, in which the Sunday School joined. After this a brief address was given by Mr. Winchester, the pastor, from Matthew 28:1-14, which was characterized as Christ's apostrophe to childhood.

A former pastor of the Portland First Church, Rev. James D. Eaton, D. D., represented Mexico in the recent great Christian Endeavor Convention in London. On July 22d he was at Oberammagau and saw the "Passion Play." In writing to a Portland friend he describes it as follows: "Wonderfully beautiful and impressive in scenery, costume, acting, singing; 4,000 people breathless."

Washington Letter.

I. Learned.

Several of our churches which have been lying in an inactive, not to say a dormant, condition are beginning to show signs of activity and we trust are to be greatly revived.

Sunnyside, in Yakima County, where the sun seems always to shine and rain almost never falls, is having a large immigration. About a year ago and for six months thereafter quite a considerable colony of Dunkards found settlement in that valley and with them a sprinkling of people of various other religious denominations, while later still many others are looking for homes. All seem to be of a thrifty class of people and are manifesting not a little enterprise in the selection of tracts of land and in the buildings they are erecting. A few find homesteads suited to their desires, while others are purchasing smaller parcels more or less improved. Here is the largest area of irrigated land which is found in the State, the main ditch, which has its intake from the Yakima river, eight or ten miles below the mouth of the Natchez, the inflow of which increases the amount of water in the former by more than a hundred per cent. This main ditch is of itself more than fifty miles long and with its numerous laterals has a total flow of more than twice that length. The principal products are fruits of all kinds, grain, alfalfa and vegetables. This means also cattle, sheep and hogs and dairy products—diversified farming with a dense population. Our church here which was organized in 1894, was reduced by the hard-times conditions down to three or four families, is now beginning to feel much encouraged by the prospect of several additions and is planning to secure a pastor and erect a church building and parsonage—lots already having been secured very centrally located.

Silverton, where a church was organized in 1897, but which became quickly scattered in consequence of a tremendous mountain freshet which washed away twenty or more miles of the Monte Cristo Railway, is coming into reach again by the rebuilding of the railway grade and tracks, and regular meetings of the church are resumed. Mr. J. A. Ressigue, a locomotive engineer, who was exceedingly helpful at Granite Falls, now finds his home either at Silverton or Monte Cristo, and will hold regular services at both places. Already congregations are good at Silverton and the Sunday School is reorganized.

The Ahtanum Church are much pleased with their new pastor, Rev. A. J. Smith, and are making progress in their work.

Woodcock Academy, it is expected, with its new principal, Miss Rosine M. Edwards, will make some considerable advance in meth-

ods and attendance. She is expected to be on the ground making preparations for the opening of the school in October.

Rev. O. L. Fowler, who has been at the East visiting his old home, has returned to his field of work at Orting and adjacent towns.

The church at Bossburg have purchased a fine Mason & Hamlin organ. Their pastor, Rev. John F. Willis, is proving to be just the man wanted and the people think that a more complete fit could not be found in all the land.

Black Diamond is already receiving the services of its new pastor, Rev. Richard Bushell.

Rev. George Baker, formerly of Washougal, now occupies the parsonage at Christopher and has entered upon his work as the pastor of that church.

Rev. F. E. Whitham of Columbia City is taking his vacation, spending a portion of it in the mountains of Northern Idaho, and will supply the church at Wardner on the 12th and 19th.

The Dayton Church has called to its pastorate Rev. John D. Jones of Medicine Lake.

Eagle Harbor will have the services of Rev. Jonas Bushell until the expiration of his year on September 12th.

Granite Falls, so long without a regular pastor, has called to its pulpit Rev. W. P. Pease of Atwood, Kansas.

Rev. Joseph C. Young, late of Port Townsend, in his new pastorate at Kirkland, is more than meeting the expectations of that church and people and the congregations at Redmond more than fill the little chapel which was erected fifteen or more years ago under the first pastorate of the Houghton (now Kirkland) church, for Sunday-school purposes.

Long Beach is left pastorless by the removal of Rev. H. W. Mercer to Tolt, where he begins work at once.

The Snohomish church has called to its pulpit Mr. Stanley Wilson, formerly connected with some of the newspapers in the same section of the State, since which he has prepared himself for the ministry.

Rev. W. C. Whitmore, for sometime pastor at Kirkland, and more recently State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, has recently resigned that position and accepted the pastorate of the church at South Bend.

The Sylvan Church has completed its new building and will dedicate it tomorrow, 19th.

Captain McCalla, in command of the United States steamer Newark, is described by one who has seen him amid the trying scenes in Tien-tsin, as a "Christian gentleman and a teetotaler, a hustler and a fighter, just and kind to his men (among whom he maintains a Sabbath School class), who are devoted to him.

The Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Rev. A. R. Johnson, Sunday School Missionary for Northern Idaho, has completed four months of efficient service on his field. He has been commissioned for another six months. He has organized six Sunday Schools, reorganized four that had been suspended, and twenty-two other Sunday Schools have been visited. He has delivered forty-four addresses and sermons and visited several hundred families. Much seed sowing has been done and God has promised that His word will not return unto Him void. There are now 800 scholars in the Sunday Schools under our care in Northern Idaho. This indicates the importance of the field and its promise for the future. There are several places where the people are calling for Congregational churches.

After the visit of Dr. Kingsbury to Wallace and Idaho we are confident that the needs and opportunities of the field will be presented in such a way to the directors of the C. H. M. Society in New York as to guarantee a sufficient appropriation to prosecute the work vigorously.

Rev. J. D. Jones of Medical Lake informed his people last Sunday morning of his intention to accept the call given him by the Dayton church. There is a unanimous sense of loss and regret on the part of the church and congregation in view of Mr. Jones' departure. Both he and his wife have been most faithful and efficient workers. During this able pastorate of over six years the membership of the church has doubled, reaching 130 and a Sunday School enrollment of 175. This is extraordinary in a village of 700 people with three other church organizations. The recent interior decorations of the church have added greatly to its appearance and have elicited expressions of gratification.

Rev. A. A. Doyle of Colville spent last week in this city.

A parsonage has recently been erected costing \$900. The prospects are favorable for an increased number of students at Eells Academy this fall. The catalogue of this school recently published is especially fine in appearance and the courses of study indicate many improvements.

Spokane, Wn., August 18, 1900.

Born.

PERKS.—In Alturas, Modoc county, August 10, 1900, to the wife of Rev. Harry Perks, a son.

Thorough appreciation of a good woman on the part of a young man is one of the strongest recommendations in his favor.

WHY THE SERMON WAS DULL.

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied grandfather, a twinkle in his eye. "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandfather?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied the grandfather. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"How?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered grandfather, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading a trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half-way round. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes roam about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail that a dull listener made a dull sermon."—[Selected.

Has Christ put away your sin? If he has, be as happy as the days are long in the sweet summer-time, and be as bright as a garden in the month of June, and sing like angels, for you have more to sing about than angels have.—[Charles H. Spurgeon.

Men may taboo religion as much as they please, but it is a fact that a man who sincerely believes in Jesus Christ and obeys his precepts can never be a bad man nor come to a bad end. Morally and religiously, he is safe.

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Makes light, flaky, delicious hot biscuits, rolls, muffins and crusts. Makes hot bread wholesome. These are qualities peculiar to it alone.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. GORJU, late *Chef*, Delmonico's.

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What is truth? What is truth? Why, God and his glorious attributes, Christ and his finished work, the Holy Spirit with his sanctifying and comforting power, the divinity and indestructibility of the revealed work of God, the aim and achievements of Christianity, the peril of the ungodly and the eter-

nal safety of every believer Christ, however humble! This truth, which can never be shaken nor overthrown.—[The Pittsburg Evening Chronicle.

Just think of hearing the Mass say: "Well done!" Will not that be enough for everything?

HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

"Mamma, I prayed last night."
"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill. Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and he delights to forgive them.

"So I got out of bed and kneeled down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and I asked him to think over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited to give him time to think of them, and when I thought he had remembered them all I asked him to forgive them. And I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would.

"Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more.

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered." (Rom. iv: 7.—[Reformed Church Record].)

THE DANGER OF IRREVERENCE.

It has been said that this age in which we live is notable for irreverence, and that America is peculiarly given to that sin. How lightly we speak of it, not knowing that no character is so hopeless of transformation as the character set in frivolous irreverence. Men may perform, under stress of temptation, most shocking acts of sin, but if in the deeper parts of their natures there is, after all, a reverence for sacred things, conscience has a foothold, and their recovery may be wrought. There is no such hope for the flippant fool out of whom all reverence for God, for his Word, his sanctuary, his holy day, his faithful people has gone. There is no argument nor arrow in all the Scripture for a character fixed

in irreverence. The heart of a fool is invulnerable.—[C. I. Schofield, D.D.]

THE SOURCE OF LOVELY CHARACTER.

There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket, which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch the spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words: "Whom having not seen I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the same image—[Prof. Henry Drummond.]

If I am flax I cannot be satisfied until I am linen.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

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LADY ATTENDANTS FOR LADIES.



Body building, as they understood it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men flat chested, flabby muscled, slouch along the streets, with scarcely one physical attribute of manhood. And yet these young men would like to be well muscled, supple, erect and hardy. But they don't know how to go about it. They try dumb bells, rowing and boxing, but only in a half hearted way. These sports should be play to them but are really work. The main factor in this condition is an ill nourished body. The stomach is not working properly. The

digestive and nutritive organs are not in active health. The result is that the nutrition for the body is not distributed in proper proportions to make blood, bone and muscle.

Weak young men who take a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will find a marked change in their physical strength and energy. The body will be built up so that gymnastics will not tax and tire them, but be the natural exercise enjoyed by muscles which are nourished into firm health.

In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pensacola, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 544), he states: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case as stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health. I value your remedies very highly and take pleasure in recommending them to any and all who suffer as I did. Four months ago I did not think to be in shape to assist our 'Uncle Samuel' in case of hostilities, but thanks to you, I am now ready for the 'Dons'."

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